John Adolphus Esqre

THE PERIPATETIC;

OR,

SKETCHES OF THE HEART,

OF

NATURE AND SOCIETY.

BY JOHN THELWALL.

BRITISH MUSEUM

H. Thelwall (J.) Lecturer

THE

PERIPATETIC;

OR,

SKETCHES OF THE HEART,

OF

NATURE AND SOCIETY;

IN A SERIES OF

POLITICO-SENTIMENTAL JOURNALS,

IN VERSE AND PROSE,

OF THE

ECCENTRIC EXCURSIONS

OF

SYLVANUS THEOPHRASTUS;

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

Me verò primùm dulces ante omnia Muſæ,
Quarum ſacra fero ingenti perculſus amore,
Accipiant.—— VIRGIL.

M,DCC,XCIII.
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An ESSAY towards a Definition of ANIMAL VITALITY. In which ſeveral of the Opinions of the celebrated JOHN HUNTER, are examined and controverted,

BY JOHN THELWALL,

Member of the PHYSICAL SOCIETY, GUY'S HOSPITAL.

BRITISH MUSEUM

This Eſſay was read on Saturday, January 26, 1793; was diſcuſſed for Six ſucceſſive Evenings, and honoured with the diſtinguiſhed Approbation of the Society.

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PREFACE.

DIVISIONS of ſome kind, in a work of any length, are ſo convenient to the reader, (ſerving, as FIELDING has, I believe, ſomewhere expreſſed it, for inns and reſting places on the road,) and the natural ones of STERNE, by appropriate titles, rouſing the attention to every change of the ſubject, have ſo many advantages over the arbitrary and uſual diſtinctions of book and chapter, eſpecially in a work of ſo digreſſive a nature as the preſent) that it was impoſſible to heſitate in the adoption of ſuch a mode of arrangement. But if the reader ſhould look for any farther imitation of that truly ſingular writer, it is but fair to appriſe him that he will be diſappointed.

With reſpect to ſtyle, in particular, the author hopes he has one of his own; ſince he is well convinced, that whoever has not,

will never communicate to the world a ſentiment worthy of its attention: the mode of expreſſion with every writer of genius, being the conſequence of his mode of thinking—the colour imparted to the fruit by the nature and maturity of its juices; while the language of the imitator is the mere enamel of art, that gloſſes over the waxen deception, to delude the ſuperficial obſerver with the appearances of ſweets that have no exiſtence. The phraſeologies of JOHNSON and STERNE, oppoſite as they muſt univerſally be conſidered, were the effects of habits of reflection equally removed; and whoever ſhould attempt to expreſs the ſentiments of either, in the language of the other, would be convinced of the abſurdity of imitation. In ſhort, ſtyle is the ſhadow of mind; and the herd of imitators are only driven to borrow the former, becauſe they are deſtitute of the latter. The author, therefore, preſumes to hope, that no reſemblances will be found, in the courſe of the enſuing volumes, to the modes of compoſition of any

of

of his literary predeceſſors, but ſuch as are the involuntary reſult of an occaſional ſimilarity in the bias of ſentiment and reflection.

As for the work itſelf, it would equally ill become him to ſay how *much* or how *little* he may conceive it to be worthy the attention of the public; he leaves it freely to the deciſion of more impartial judges, who, if they may imagine fewer beauties, will, in all probability, charge it with fewer faults than he himſelf might have diſcovered, had it but lain upon his ſhelf till the firſt natural emotions of parental partiality had ſubſided. But the local nature of many of its alluſions hurried it recently from his brain to the tribunal of the public, "with all its imperfections on its head:" nor is he conſcious that it has the refuge of a ſingle precedent, behind which its irregularities may be ſheltered. To the charge of ſingularity, however, he will not be very reluctant to ſubmit, eſpecially, if he ſhould be conſidered as having,

ing, in any meaſure, effected his deſign of uniting the different advantages of the novel, the ſentimental journal, and the miſcellaneous collection of eſſays and poetical effuſions.

With reſpect to the firſt of theſe, it was not originally intended to form any part of the deſign, till it was ſuggeſted by a literary friend, who was kind enough to look forward to circumſtances about which the author is apt to be too neglectful, that it might afford a proſpect of more extenſive circulation. The fictitious hero, Sylvanus Theophraſtus, was accordingly introduced upon the ſtage; with the materials for whoſe character the author was readily ſupplied from the circle of his acquaintance, and the eccentric feelings of a heart with which he cannot be ſuppoſed to be altogether unacquainted. To theſe materials, for the ſake of that intereſt which can only be preſerved by a continued ſtory, was added the hiſtory of Belmour and Sophia, which will be found to extend itſelf through

through the three volumes now preſented to the public.

One word upon the ſubject of his politics, and the author withdraws himſelf from the ſcene. Theſe, he is aware, will, *at leaſt, appear* for the preſent, to be unpopular; and many of his friends, who could not dive into his heart, and ſee how deeply they are engraven, would have perſuaded him to omit them entirely. With this, however, he felt it impoſſible to comply; and he left accordingly to more prudent patriots the ſatisfaction and the advantages of boaſting their zeal in the hour of evident ſecurity, and ſhrinking from the principles of liberty on the firſt cry of imaginary danger. Abandoned and deſerted almoſt on every ſide, he already has ſtood forward, in his ſphere, to ſtem, with unaſſiſted arm, the torrent of popular delirium which has raged around, and by which the tranquility of every diſtrict in the kingdom has been ſo artfully diſturbed; and has *dared* to challenge the

minuteſt

minuteſt ſcrutiny of that conduct the ſmalleſt part of which he has never *dared* to deny. What then—with all the rancour of a triumphant and unprincipled faction thus invoked upon his head—what but meanneſs and folly could there be in ſuppreſſing thoſe ſentiments which he never can reflect upon but with pride. Beſides, the ſubject of our political abuſes is ſo interwoven with the ſcenes of diſtreſs ſo perpetually recurring to the feeling obſerver, that it were impoſſible to be ſilent in this reſpect, without ſuppreſſing almoſt every reflection that ought to awaken the tender ſympathies of the ſoul. That the ſale of his publication will be retarded by his inflexibility, is a circumſtance he has taught himſelf to deſpiſe, as he has the artifices that have been made uſe of to thwart his proſpects, and the meanneſs with which ſubſcriptions have even been withdrawn as ſoon as his political principles have been known:—as though genius were of neceſſity of a party, or a ſect; or no man could be entitled to countenance

nance and friendſhip who had the preſumption to think for himſelf.

Nor has the loyal ſpirit of perſecution reſted here. Before the imagination of the public became diſtempered by the late alarms, it would not have been believed, that a work of mere amuſement and imagination, like the preſent, could have been an object whoſe ſuppreſſion could be worthy of a moment's intrigue. Yet, not only has the publication been delayed for months; but an attempt has even been made to defraud the author of the copy altogether, becauſe he would not oblige the publiſher, (who proved to be the boſom friend of a certain municipal inquiſitor — and with whom he had agreed for the copyright,) either by omitting the political reflections, or *turning them to the other ſide of the queſtion.* In the refuſal to return the manuſcript, however, this *man of loyalty* did not find it ſafe to perſevere. But as for fulfilling his agreement; with this he poſitively refuſed compliance: and as this

equal

equal bleſſing of the law (which is *open alike to the rich and to the poor)* is a dainty of too high a flavour for the author's palate, he was obliged to make the beſt bargain he could for what was already printed, and rather to ſet himſelf down with the certainty of a very conſiderable loſs than expoſe himſelf to all the exorbitant expences of a precarious redreſs.

Such is the hiſtory of the difficulties through which the hitherto unfortunate Sylvanus Theophraſtus, after narrowly eſcaping being ſtrangled by the midwife in the birth, is brought, at length, before the world. Whether his fame or proſperity will ever be ſuch as to recompenſe the trouble and anxiety he has occaſioned, is a ſecret which time can alone reveal: And the author reſigns him to his trial with that tranquility natural to a man, who, whatever be the fate of his preſent adventure, is conſcious of having better hopes behind.

6 NO 63

Southwark, April 29th, 1793.

THE

PERIPATETIC.

Vitæ ſumma brevis ſpem nos vetat inchoaré longam.——HOR.

——Dum loquimur, fugerit invida
Ætas: carpe diem, quam minimùm credula poſtero——ID.

APPROPRIATION OF TIME.

PERHAPS nothing is more common than to bewail the ſhortneſs of life, unleſs it be to miſpend the little time we are permitted to enjoy. We complain that the evening is cloſing on our unfiniſhed labours, without remembering how much of the day has been

waſted in indolence; and peeviſhly lament the inſufficiency of our ſtrength, without reflecting on the fatigues produced by diſſipation and folly. In ſhort, did we never ſuffer ourſelves to accuſe the rapid wing of Time, till we had counted the moments that have paſſed unoccupied and unenjoyed, the murmur of impious diſcontent would be ſtifled by regret, and the voice of reproach expire in the ſigh of contrition.

Nor are indolence and diſſipation the only ſources of error: the improvement of time has other enemies, as formidable perhaps, if it were not, that they appear of a more corrigible nature.

Among the foremoſt of theſe may be reckoned the injudicious manner in which ſeaſons and avocations are ſuited to each other: an improvidence ſo great, that whoever ſhould entirely correct himſelf in this particular, would find room enough, in the little circle of human life, for a much larger pro-

proportion of wiſdom and of pleaſure, of buſineſs and of relaxation, than has ever, perhaps, been crowded within it ſince the period of antediluvian longevity. At leaſt, it will not be diſputed with me, that a juſt appropriation of times and ſeaſons would greatly enhance the enjoyments of life; ſince, under proper regulations, every avocation may become a pleaſure, and the moſt favorite amuſement, by an ill-timed recurrence, may find the ſtrings out of tune that ſhould vibrate to its meaſures, and be, conſequently, attended with nothing but weariſomeneſs and diſguſt.

It ſhould ſeem that men of letters are particularly negligent of this proper diſtribution of their time, and frequently not only ſhorten their lives, but even render the years they experience, leſs productive of the intelligence and improvement they ſo avariciouſly purſue, by reverſing the order of Nature, and ſtifling the inſtinctive voice of Health, whoſe warnings were kindly intended for the preſerva-

tion and happineſs of mankind. Neglectful of the invigorating and inſpiring breath of Morn, they but too frequently refer their ſtudies to the protracted hour which the moſt unequivocal ſymptoms aſſure us was deſigned for refreſhing ſlumber; and idly boaſt of trimming the nocturnal lamp of Wiſdom, without reflecting that Wiſdom's trueſt lamp is that which, untrimmed and inexhauſtible, burns, from day to day, and from year to year, at once to aſſiſt, and to illuſtrate the reſearches of the philoſophic ſtudent; but the half of whoſe ſplendour is thoughtleſsly permitted to ſhine on the oblivious couch of imperfect and inſalubrious repoſe.—Yes, *inſalubrious!*—I repeat the epithet: for whoever experienced from the dozing indolence of the morning or noon-tide couch, the ſame invigorating effects which the ſeaſonable ſlumbers of the night are calculated to produce?

THE

THE VALETUDINARIAN.

OF this imprudent practice, I own I have, myſelf, too frequently been guilty; and I have, accordingly, though yet, in point of years, in the very verdure of my youth, but too many conſtitutional reaſons to lament the improvidence of my conduct: feeling as I ſo frequently do, the valetudinarian langour, which, on every viſitation of a cloudy atmoſphere, or a ſouth-eaſterly wind, diffuſes itſelf at once over mind and body, and blights the ſpringing blooms of active fancy.

And hence, my Stella! from thy feeling breaſt
Oft ſteals the fondneſs of a murmuring ſigh,
What time the cherub, downy-pinion'd Reſt,
The couch of anxious Care is doom'd to fly;—

And oft (oh! painful to the generous heart
To view the anguiſh of the ſoul we love!)
Thy looks, expreſſive of the inward ſmart,
The frowns of wayward Deſtiny reprove,
While from the languid eye affection's glow
Efulgent beams, ſuffus'd with tearful woe.

Ah! yet again Hygeia! yet return——
For thee I'll wakeful tune the *matin* ſong;
No more on high my watchful lamp ſhall burn,
Startling the midnight ſilence, to prolong
The 'laborate ſearch; for dull as chaos prove
(Thy ſmile refus'd) clear truth and radiant fame;
Dull as the night of ignorance!—and Love—
Love's balmy touch, that joys the healthful frame,
The painful nerve of ſaddeſt ſympathy
Alone can move, while all his roſes die!

His genial torch no more the cheerful rays
That gild the fane of ſocial Mirth can boaſt;
But faint a melancholy gleam diſplays—
(Its radiance faded, and its incenſe loſt!)——
A ſullen lamp thro' the funereal dome
That ſheds its luſtre o'er the ſculptur'd name
Of joys low mouldering in the cheerleſs tomb.
Return then, roſeate nymph! this drooping frame,
Woe-worn, renew with thy ethereal flame.
So ſhall the Muſe intruſive care forego,
And Grief no more—dim Grief! while ſighs the gale
Of love-inſtructed fears, her miſty veil,
O'er fond Affection's brow ſhall envious throw,
Her ſmiles to cloud, and check her radiant glow.

The

The return of the vernal ſeaſon, ſo important, and ſo delightful to one in ſuch a ſtate of health, having naturally occaſioned this train of reflections to recur to my mind, I was led, in a great meaſure, perhaps, by the extreme fineneſs of the weather, to extend them ſtill farther, and not only to conſider that the night is but too frequently devoted to thoſe duties which belong to the day, but that, by not properly attending to the invitations of nature, days and ſeaſons, alſo, are frequently miſapplied; and that much of our time is of conſequence virtually loſt, by not being employed in thoſe purſuits to which it is beſt adapted. How inconſiſtent, for example, ſaid I to myſelf, now that heaven ſheds abroad the cheerful genial radiance of the ſpring, and vegetation, almoſt viſibly ſhooting forth to meet the joyful ardour, offers the moſt invigorating pleaſures both to the corporeal and intellectual eye;——How inconſiſtent would it be, neglectful of all the allurements of the ſeaſon, to conſume the day in the confines of the ſtudy, and refer to

ſome other ſeaſon, too dull, perhaps, for enjoyment, too comfortleſs for exerciſe, the hours of vacation which Nature occaſionally will crave; and in which, in ſpite of the perſeverance of ſtudious application, ſooner or later, ſhe will peremptorily be indulged.

Theſe reflections had no ſooner occurred, than my reſolution was taken; and, quitting my ſtudy, I ſallied forth on a pedeſtrian expedition, in queſt of health and recreation.

VISIONS OF PHILOSOPHY.

IN one reſpect, at leaſt, ſaid I, after quitting the public road, in order to purſue a path, faintly tracked through the luxuriant herbage of the fields, and which left me at liberty to indulge the ſolitary reveries of a mind, to which the volume of nature is ever open

open at ſome page of inſtruction and delight;—In one reſpect, at leaſt, I may boaſt of a reſemblance to the ſimplicity of the ancient ſages: I purſue my meditations on foot, and can find occaſion for philoſophic reflection, wherever yon fretted vault (the philoſopher's beſt canopy) extends its glorious covering.

——Immortal Sages!
Ye nobleſt benefactors of mankind!
Unworthy as I am to lift my ſoul
To thoughts of your beatitude, or hope,
In this degenerate ſuperſtitious age,
To emulate your glories, and revive
Thoſe awful traits of unaſſuming wiſdom,
Thoſe precepts, whoſe ſimplicity of thought
Evinc'd the true ſublime! O! let me, yet,
Indulge my raptur'd fancy for a while
With your high converſe; and the fond idea
Sate with the glorious viſion, as I roam
Forgetful of the world, its ſyſtems vain,
And all the crude conceits of bigot Folly,
Whoſe rage embroils, and thins the human race!

And thou, majeſtic Athens! thou bleſt nurſe
Of Arts and Knowledge, Liberty and Taſte!
Under whoſe *free invigorating* laws
The giant-ſoul of heav'n-enlighten'd man

(Uncramp'd by *tyrant badges of diſtinction*,
Which virtue own'd not, nor which merit claim'd.)
Swell'd, tow'ring ſwell'd, to due proportion'd ſtrength,
And left the *pigmy ſlaves of future courts*
With baſe deſpair to wonder at its greatneſs,
And mourn their fall, degenerate! —Say wilt thou,
Glory of ancient Freedom! ſay wilt thou
Permit me, on this ruſtic theatre,
While bold "Imagination bodies forth"
The god-like actors, here to repreſent
(Myſelf and heaven ſpectators of the ſcene)
The awful drama of thy mental greatneſs.

Theſe fields, theſe hedge-rows, and this ſimple turf,
Shall form my Academus: through this vale,
(Ye hallow'd manes of the boaſts of Greece!)
Thro' this low vale will I ſuppoſe ye walk'd
Pouring divine inſtruction, or, reclin'd
Upon theſe verdant hillocks, muſing deep,
The ſilent energy of ſoul collected,
And ſoar'd, on Contemplation's awful wing,
Into the higheſt heaven. PLATO here
His myſtic viſions, daringly ſublime!
Perhaps might have reveal'd; the ſubtile ſoul
Of far-fam'd ARISTOTLE, muſing here,
Might pierce the mazy labyrinth, and unfold
Nature's myſterious laws: there SOCRATES——
Divine old man!—Wiſdom's tranſcendent boaſt!
And Patriot Virtue's moſt undaunted guide!—
With ſtrong, perſuaſive plainneſs might define
The ſource of morals, and the eternal laws
Of heav'n-deſcended Truth—beſt friend of man!

Or,

Or, ſoaring to the higheſt ſtretch of thought,
Reveal what'er dull ſenſe can comprehend
Of worlds more bleſt—futurity—and GOD!

Purſuing this train of reflection, I could not but compare the ancient modes of education with thoſe of modern times, and lament that the nobleſt parts of philoſophy ſhould have fallen into ſuch ſlight eſtimation: that there ſhould be no longer or porch, or grove, or attic-columned ſchool, where emulous youth, thronging round the long-experienced ſage, might imbibe the lore of wiſdom and of virtue, and improve each noble talent of his ſoul; but that the inſtruction of our early and invaluable years ſhould be careleſsly reſigned to pedants, ſycophants, and drivellers, who, if once mankind ſhould be emancipated from all diſtinctions, but thoſe which intellect creates, would ſink into the humble ranks of labourers and mechanics. Nor could I but reflect, with painful anxiety, on my own untoward fate, doomed, with the ſtrong thirſt of philoſophy, to ſtruggle unaſſiſted along the thorny paths of ſcience, im-

peded in my courſe by the heavy chains of nature and affection; and thwarted in every wiſh of an aſpiring ſoul.

Let not, however, the young adventurer deſpond. If mute are the ſages of antiquity, the inſtructive voice of Nature is ever eloquent and loud: if unbleſt with companions of congenial ſoul, who might improve, with uſeful converſe, the moments of relaxation and pleaſure, ſtill the fields and groves afford their entertaining and intelligent ſociety. Theſe trees, theſe ſhrubs, this ſmiling turf, enamelled with theſe ſimple bloſſoms, all invite to intellectual exerciſe, and render even the idle walk not vain.

"To calm Reflection's ſober train,
"Each plant a uſeful leſſon gives:
"A moralizer on the plain
"Each turf and ſmiling bloſſom lives."

Such, while my infant fancy ſtrove
Againſt Misfortune's ſullen power,
And oft, in mead or ſmiling grove,
Penſive I ray'd the lonely hour.

Such

Such were the notes, to lull my woe,
When firſt I wak'd the ruſtic ſtring,
Bleſt Contemplation taught to flow,
While o'er me wav'd her ſeraph wing.

And truſt me nymph or gentle ſwain
Who haunt the ſtream or ſhadowy dell,
Experience has confirm'd the ſtrain
Which early tun'd my penſive ſhell.

'Tis not alone the letter'd friend,
The buſy world's inſtructive throng,
That can the uſeful leſſon lend,
That lengthens Wiſdom's vary'd ſong.

Go, hear the raging billow roar,
Go, mark the ſwiftly-changing cloud,
Or trace ſome rivulet's winding ſhore,
Some lowly vale, or mountain proud;

Or plung'd within ſome foreſt's ſhade,
Whoſe mingled boughs exclude the day,——
There ſhalt thou meet THE HEAV'N-BORN MAID,
And hear, entranc'd, her ſacred lay.

As roving, excurſively, from theſe to a variety of other reflections, I purſued my tranquil and cheerful way along the fields, and ſmiled to behold, at irregular diſtances, to the right, and to the left, the clouds of duſt

duſt that marked the winding courſes of the roads, and in which the more-favoured ſons of Fortune, were ſuffocating themſelves for the benefit of the air, I felt a glow of health and vivacity, which the buſtle and loaded atmoſphere of the metropolis never yet afforded; and I could not but reflect, that from the peripatetic habits of the ancient philoſophers, and the attachment to rural life diſplayed by them all, in oppoſition to the practice of modern ſtudents, who are in ſome degree compelled, by the inſtitutions of ſociety, to bury themſelves in large cities, we might readily account for the apparent paradox, why the health of the latter ſhould be ſo proverbially debilitated, while the former have been ſo pre-eminent for their longevity.

THE LARK.

FROM theſe reflections I was awakened by the chorus of feathered ſongſters, who, as I advanced farther and farther from "the buſy haunts of men," poured their cheerful harmony more freely on my ear.

Among the reſt, I was particularly charmed with the notes of a ſky-lark, who, riſing juſt before me, began to pour forth a ſtrain of ſo much rapture, that I could not but feel my heart uplifted to join with him in that devotion which I fancied him to be warbling to the Reſtorer of the year.—"How rich, melodious, and ſublime," exclaimed I, "is the grateful ſong of inſtinctive devotion poured from thy little throat!"

Sweet attic warbler! poet of the ſkies!
To thee not vainly comes the genial Spring
To give a ſordid joy. Thy little breaſt,
Fond as it flutters with returning glow,
Quivers the ſtrain of rapture, which imparts
Congenial tranſport to attentive man,
And pays the bounteous ſeaſon, with its ſong,
For the kind boon her cheering ſmile beſtows.

Wake, ſons of earth! who boaſt ſuperior ſouls,
And hail the healthful gales with equal gratitude,
And give to other hearts the bliſs ye feel.
The ſeaſon teems inſtruction; and each gale
Pregnant with lib'ral bleſſings, far-diffus'd,
Whiſpers the ſtrain of ſoul-expanding love——
Of love etherial! ſuch whoſe genial tear,
Roll'd down the cheek of cherub-thron'd Compaſſion,
Melts the obdurate froſt of ſtern diſtreſs,
And gives the ſtream of hope again to flow.

Yes, all is *hope*, and *gratitude*, and *joy!*
Murmurs this prattling *rill*—whoſe margeant turf
Drinks from its lucid urn a livelier hue——
Murmurs *it* not of peace and thankful praiſe?
Teems not the herbage thick with grateful dew?
Which, heaven-aſcending, decks the radiant face
Of yonder azure ſky, that ſheds its ſmiles
To cheer the wak'ning verdure, and adorn
With gay enamel all its foodful turf!
Ah! joins not all—all Nature's gen'ral voice
To ſwell the chorus of yon ſtrain of joy?

Then

Then pour——ſweet poet of the radiant morn!
Pour thy loud hymn of rapture on the ear
Of ALL-BESTOWING PROVIDENCE! nor ceaſe
Till Philomela, from the liſt'ning woods,
With other ſtrains relieve thy wearied throat:
Strains ſeeming ſad, and ſolemn as the hour;
Though yet of like devotion with thy own:
Inſtructive her's of *reſignation*'s charm,
And thine inſtinct with *gratitude* and *love!*

And yet, continued I, gay and inſpiring as theſe objects are, they afford not the nobleſt leſſons the productions of inſtinctive nature are calculated to impreſs. "The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields," may furniſh a lively picture of the external ornaments of religion, and the full chorus of the ſpring may aſſiſt Devotion to ſoar on the grateful pinions of rapture, to the throne of Him from whom all bleſſings flow; but the awful ſtudy of natural hiſtory is replete with purer leſſons; and from the *ſtork*, that bears its aged parent on its back, and the *pelican*, whoſe maternal care has produced the fable of her foſtering her infant progeny from her own bleeding boſom, we learn the *practical*

religion

religion of the heart! the glorious maxims of relative and ſocial duty.

Though, loudeſt of the feather'd choir
Alauda * pour the vocal ſtrain,
To heav'n, with raptur'd wing, aſpire,
And, floating through the etherial plain,
Call up the radiant Eaſt to raiſe
The choral ſong of pious praiſe;
Yet ſhall the *ſtork*, whoſe grateful wing
Aloft the feeble parent bears,
(What though no labour'd ſtrain ſhe ſing!)
And kindly ſhares,
And ſooths his cares;
Or *ſhe*, whoſe fond maternal breaſt
To all the younglings of her neſt
Pours, nutritive, the vital ſtream,
(Though ne'er ſhe ſail'd, with ſtately pride,
Down warbling Pindus's ſacred tide,
To join the muſe's hallow'd lays,
And heav'n-ward waft the ſong of praiſe,)
More baſk in Heav'n's approving beam.

Then, as in the ſocial ſphere
Man a wider range enjoys,
Let his hallow'd zeal appear
In the bleſſings it ſupplies.

Vain

* The Lark.

Vain the Wood-lark's hermit's ſtrain,
Muſing through the lone retreat;
Vain the ſweet aſpiring vein
Of yon minſtrel, warbling ſweet;

Vain, alike, the hymn, the pray'r,
Pride's full-oft, or Sloth's pretence:
Would you Heaven's beſt favour ſhare,
Be your ſuit—benevolence!

Whence, as from the genial beam,
Darting o'er the humid ground,
Fruitful bleſſings ever teem,
Realms, and ſmiling worlds around!

THE BEGGAR.

As I was thus ſauntering along, and indulging, according to my uſual practice, the extemporaneous effuſions of a moral muſe, I ſaw, at a conſiderable diſtance, two idle fellows lying along among the graſs, without any apparent occupation or ſubject of amuſement.

If

If it were growing towards dark now, ſaid I to myſelf, looking around, and obſerving that no other perſon was in ſight, one might be a little apprehenſive of two ſuch ill-looking fellows; and the ſcar ſtill conſpicuous on my head, the remembrancer of former ill-uſage, might juſtify the palpitation with which I ſhould paſs them. But Light, friendly Light! although thou haſt no tongue to reveal, no arm to arreſt, yet art thou of thyſelf a guardian, and ſhame-faced Guilt dares not, in thy preſence, ſtalk forward in hideous action.

Thee, vital beam! fair Virtue's guide!
And terror of the guilty ſoul,
From Heav'n's immortal throne ſupply'd
Fear's haggard empire to controul!

Thee, thee I hail! the emblem fair
Of ſacred Truth's eternal charm——
Whoſe glance appals with ſwift deſpair
Tyrannic Fraud's oppreſſive arm!

Thee, whom the *felon* dreads to view,
As *tyrants* dread fair Reaſon's ray!
Thee will I hail, with rev'rence due,
Protectreſs of my lonely way.

Then

Then caſt, fair beam! thy radiant ſpell around,
By which the ruffian's hardy ſinew fails,
His iron ſoul in magic fetters bound,
While conſcious dread o'er each ſtern thought prevails.

I had once a ſtriking proof of this. An impudent fellow, whoſe mimic lameneſs, and ſailor-like appearance, have frequently been of no ſmall uſe to him, in the vicinity of the metropolis, with thoſe who had more regard than myſelf for the *trade of war*, had accoſted me in ſuch terms of rude importunity as were not at all calculated to open my purſe-ſtrings, and I had accordingly repulſed him with repeated denial; when, brandiſhing his crutch, and looking around the field we alone were croſſing, he ſwore, with a dreadful oath, that if he had me there in the dark, he would make me give, not halfpence only, but all I had.

It may well be ſuppoſed I ſhuddered with horror at ſuch atrocity, when, turning round I read but too plainly, in his countenance and whole deportment, the ſincerity of his threat.

threat.—And why not now? thought I, as ſoon as I had recovered my calmneſs. With reſpect to the world, it is always dark when no one is preſent to behold: and as for the Creator! what cloud ſo thick, what deadly ſhade ſo black, to ſhut out ought from him?

But ſuch is the inconſiſtency of "ſophiſticated man."—Fortunate inconſiſtency! that either from a confuſed aſſociation of the ideas of light and publicity, or perhaps from the remains of that conſcience—that "divinity that ſtirs within us," and from which ſcarcely the longeſt habits of vice can entirely free us, we dread to perpetrate thoſe crimes in the broad eye of day, which we even glory in, while we imagine ourſelves concealed beneath the ſable covert of the night.

THE

THE HAY-MAKER.

THE aſſociation of ideas naturally led me from the above circumſtance to the remembrance of another, of no very different complexion, in ſome of the reflections it ſuggeſted, how diſſimilar ſoever, according to all the evidences of a tranſient and accidental intercourſe, might be the character of the individual who was the co-actor in the ſcene.

I was taking one day, (in the ſun-ſhiny interval between the ſhowers that happened to be very frequent during that ſeaſon,) my wonted, ſolitary ramble by the banks of the New River, acroſs ſome pleaſant fields, ſeveral miles on the other ſide of London, at

no

no very conſiderable time after the accident above alluded to, when I was accoſted by a labouring man, in tolerably decent attire, but who, with a pathetic voice, pleaded for charity.

My mind happened to be wrapt in abſtruſe contemplation, and, as I have rather an habitual antipathy——not againſt diſtreſs—Almighty Diſpoſer of the ever-veering fortunes of mankind, forbid it!—but againſt profeſſional beggary—It is the vicious profeſſion of indolence and hypocriſy!—I paſſed ſilently on, purſuing my road, and the chain of my meditations; and he, in a contrary direction, proceeded without any audible murmur, in queſt of ſome more generous traveller, whoſe boſom, unſteeled by prejudice, could feel the gentle puncture of compaſſion.

Ah! keen the pang of friendleſs Woe,
When Want impels the falt'ring tongue
Its modeſt ſilence to forego,
And ſupplicate the paſſing throng!

Ah,

Ah, keen the pang, if cold Neglect
Avert the inauſpicious eye,
With ſeeming ſcorn the ſuit reject,
And check the ſympathetic ſigh!

Somehow or other, however, my eye glanced, as he paſſed, upon the formidable weapon he was trailing along the ground. It was the implement of ruſtic labour ſuited to the ſeaſon, though the long continuance of unfavourable weather had prevented the opportunities of its uſe.

Our feelings for our fellow-creatures depend much upon the opportunities we have of making compariſons between them; and I could not, on the preſent occaſion, avoid comparing the humble (I bluſh to ſay the unanſwered) petition of this unhappy ruſtic, with the atrocious violence, by which, under circumſtances of ſcarcely ſuperior privacy, my life had been ſo recently endangered.—How eaſily (the thought paſſed inſtantaneouſly acroſs my mind) might this poor being, whoſe modeſty ſpeaks his genuine diſ-

treſs, (for ſeldom is real miſery importunate,) pervert his inſtrument of induſtry into that of hoſtility, and relieve the oppreſſions of diſtreſs, which the hard conditions of ſociety, too much, too unneceſſarily prone to unequal diſtribution, have laid upon him. How quickly, continued I, laying one hand upon my breaſt, and pointing with the other to the earth, might the ſharp prongs of that implement level the proud diſtinction between this *moving* and this *inſenſate* clay.

O, let not every one who lolls on the couch of luxurious affluence, or beholds the comfortable board of competency ſpread before him, be certain that he might not be tempted (were the keen tooth of hunger thus gnawing at his vitals) to ſieze this opportunity to abuſe the peaceful ſteel!

—I turned inſtantly round, and my hand, ſympathizing with the feelings of my heart, waited not for the cold approbation of Reaſon,

ſon, but went immediately and inſtinctively to my pocket.

I know not whether it was that the neglected ſuppliant perceived me to be rather inattentive than unfeeling, and had, therefore, hopes of my repentance, or whether the involuntary reproach of ſilent anguiſh dictated his emotion, but certain it is, that, juſt at the ſame moment, as if by the ſame inſtinct, he turned round again toward me, and diſplayed as meek, as honeſt, and as ſupplicating a countenance as was ever ſhaded by a few grey hairs.

His garb was decent; and his coarſe ſhirt, buttoned about his neck, without any handkerchief, though brown, was evidently clean; and though the marks of want were conſpicuous in his features, his whole appearance had nothing of that emaciation which characterizes habitual wretchedneſs.

Such were the impreſſions he made upon my mind, as, with an attitude that ſeemed to ſay, "Can you behold with indifference the aged victim of unforeſeen misfortunes?" he approached towards me.

He had come, with others, from a diſtant country, in order, while employment was yet ſcarce at home, (the harveſts of every kind, as is well known, being always earlieſt in the neighbourhood of the metropolis,) to earn a little ſomething for his family, by helping to get in the hay in this part of the country; and he had ſpent all his little ſtock, unavoidably, on the road: but rainy weather had moſt unſeaſonably ſet in, and as (by a ſtrange neglect in the proviſions for the induſtrious poor,) they are paid by the day, and not by the ſeaſon, we all of us very well know, that though ſunſhine and rain are equally neceſſary for the general ſupport of mankind, the labourer is only enabled to eat when the ſky is clear.

Such

Such were the reflections produced by this ſimple tale; a tale whoſe veracity I had no reaſon to doubt, as it was rather told by way of apology for having ſolicited, than as a plea to excite compaſſion; I having, before he opened his lips, given him what ſome *prudent* people, perhaps, would think more than my circumſtances would juſtify, though, I have ſince been inclined to conceive, leſs than a better judge will think I ought to have beſtowed, conſidering how far Misfortune, even below my own humble condition, had caſt the unhappy ruſtic.

It is a maxim with me, that we ſhould either give rather liberally, or not at all. If the petitioner is a common profeſſional beggar, even ſingle halfpence are too much, becauſe they are given to the encouragement of an indolent nuiſance to our public ſtreets; and the fact is notorious, that hypocriſy and importunity often maintain their profeſſors in dirty luxury, and the licentious indulgence of almoſt every unruly appetite. If, on the

other hand, the object of our charity is really ſtimulated by occaſional diſtreſs to prefer his modeſt plea, to give a half-penny or two is to do nothing; for it is an evident, though a melancholy, truth, that the contributors to ſuch petitioners will be few; and as ſuch will only aſk till their real wants are relieved, we ought, as far as lies in our power, to remove the painful neceſſity. Nor would this fall hard upon us: the inſtances of this deſcription which can come under the cognizance of any individual, who does not abſolutely go in queſt of them, will neceſſarily be ſo few, that we need not be ſo very ſparing when they occur.—Real Misfortune, like genuine Wiſdom, is not frequently to be heard crying in the ſtreets; and if we would become intimately acquainted with either, we muſt ſeek them in their modeſt retirements. Of the abodes of the latter it is not my preſent buſineſs to enquire; but the all-ſeeing eye of Heaven can witneſs how often, in this country, the ſighs of the former may be heard in the

the murky chambers of the artizan, and the cottage of the induſtrious peaſant.

But come, fair Freedom, heav'n-born maid!
Shake off Corruption's ſordid chain,
And, in thy native ſmiles array'd,
The artiſt cheer and drooping ſwain.

Let Pride no more, in pamper'd ſtate,
Exulting in an empty name,
On trampled crowds her throne elate,
And Labour's honeſt earnings claim.

No more let Britons, bought and ſold
By venal Party's ſelfiſh art,
The *mockery of thy form* behold,
And *feel Oppreſſion's real ſmart.*

But ſhew thy energetic ſoul,
And in thy awful frowns appear:
Thoſe frowns that tyrant Pride controul,
And thrill Corruption's nerve with fear.

Let falſe Diſtinction's pageant flee:
Be worth and parts alone rever'd:
Let ev'ry Briton *feel* he's free,
And ev'ry freeman's voice be heard.

Then Labour's ſolitary ewe
Luxurious courts ſhall ſieze no more.
Then Plenty ſhall her ſmiles renew,
And Miſery fly the Britiſh ſhore!

THE BIRD CATCHERS.

THUS (as I ſauntered along by the ſide of a tranſparent, but creſſey-mantled brook, which flowed murmuring between ſome waving oſiers) did I continue muſing upon ſcene after ſcene of life's eventful drama, as the concatenation of ideas reſtored them to my remembrance, till, as is uſual enough, the original ſubject, which gave riſe to my reflections, was entirely vaniſhed from my mind; and I was awakened from my reverie, by the voice of the two fellows formerly mentioned, and who, in a low and cautious tone, requeſted me to take care of the toils.

The

The images of the paſt were immediately chaſed from my mind, and the exterior ſenſe being opened, I beheld cloſe before me, and near to the ſpot where I had before obſerved my enchanting little ſky-lark to pitch, the nets and apparatus of two bird-catchers; while my ear at the ſame time recogniſed the burſt of harmony, which a heap of little captives, placed in cages around, or fixed to ductile ſprings at apparent liberty, were pouring forth to allure their unſuſpecting fellows into ſimilar bondage.

The two barbarians, it ſeems, had, for ſome time, been watching the poor little ſky-lark, who, allured by the ſeeds that were ſcattered about, was advancing cautiouſly, farther and farther, between the nets; and now, fearing I might frighten it away as I paſſed, they were drawing up the ſnare at a hazard, ſomewhat ſooner than they wiſhed.

Alas! it was indeed too ſoon: but not according to their calculation.—I ſaw the

little warbler, whoſe ſong had ſo delighted me, and whoſe rapture had awakened ſo many pleaſing reflections—ſo many charming ſenſations in my boſom, ſtruggling beneath the treacherous net; I ſaw him ſeized by the rude hands of the unfeeling clowns, and conſigned, among a throng of little helpleſs warblers, like himſelf, to all the woes of cruel ſlavery; to taſte the joys of liberty no more; to mourn, perhaps, his little widowed mate; to mourn, perhaps, his callow, chirping young, who, robbed of the ſupport derived from his provident aſſiſtance, may probably expire with lingering famine in the deſerted neſt.

Powers of ſympathy!—to what cruelty or injuſtice will not ſome men ſubmit to obtain the bread of idleneſs! What cruelty or injuſtice will not Pride and Luxury thoughtleſsly encourage, if their ſenſes may but be gratified with the fruits of inhumanity! Go,

Daughters of Albion's gay enlighten'd hour!
Hail the ſweet ſtrains your captive warblers pour;
Their graceful forms and downy plumage prize,
And the gay luſtre of their varied dyes;
Nor ever think, while tremulous they ſing,
Or flutt'ring ſpread the gloſſy-tinctur'd wing,
That fluttering wing, *that* tremulated ſtrain
Of lingering griefs, and cruel bonds complain;
Nor ever think—that, for a ſordid joy,
Their hopes, their rights, affections ye deſtroy;
Doom them the air's unbounded ſpace to change,
For the dull cage's loath'd, contracted range;
There, every ſocial throb condemn'd to mourn
Which each ſad ſummer bids in vain return.

Daughters of Albion's gay enlighten'd day!
To *man* alike your ſympathy diſplay!
Heedleſs of groans, of anguiſh, and of chains,
Of ſtripes inflicted, and tormenting pains,
At morn, at eve, your ſweeten'd beverage ſup,
Nor ſee the blood of thouſands in the cup.

What though each ſweet effluvium, ere it riſe,
Have clogg'd the weſtern gale with Afric's ſighs,
Each ſweeten'd drop yon porc'lain cell contains,
Was drawn, O, horror! from ſome brother's veins;
Or, wrought by chemic art, on terms too dear,
Is but tranſmuted from ſome negro's tear,
Which dropt, 'midſt galling bonds, on foreign ſtrand,
His bride ſtill anſwers from his native land!—
Still turn indiff'rent from theſe *foreign* woes,
Nor ſuffer griefs ſo diſtant to oppoſe

The ſickly taſte, whoſe languid pulſe to cheer
Two rifled worlds muſt drop the bitter tear!—
For what is Afric, what the Eaſtern Ind
To Europe's race, by poliſh'd arts refin'd?
Or why ſhould pamper'd Luxury enquire
Who by the ſword, or by the laſh expire?

Daughters of Albion, ſtill this path purſue!
Be ſenſe and appetite your only aim:
From proſtrate Pity turn the giddy view,
And gracious Mercy's pleading voice diſclaim.

Meanwhile with feeble ſtep and mincing tone,
Pretend to ſoftneſs, delicacy, love!
High place yourſelves on Admiration's throne,
While fancied graces round obſequious move:

Whence (while for wretches, for your taſtes aggriev'd,
Ye ſlight each effort to obtain redreſs)
Liſp forth, to thoſe by whom 'twill be believ'd,
Your tender feeling's exquiſite exceſs!

It gave me, however, ſome conſolation to reflect, while I was thus venting my ſpleen, that the ſatire did not apply to the whole ſex; and that there are many, who, in their individual conduct, will not await the tardy operations of legiſlative humanity, but with the ſacrifice of a few habitual indulgences, have

have waſhed their hands already of the abomination.

Theſe reflections, and the natural tranſition to the affairs of a neighbouring nation involved in foreign wars, by the intrigues of arbitrary courts, and expoſed to the horrors of civil commotion, in ſupport of its new conſtitution, brought me in ſight of a richly-variegated proſpect, the deſcription of which may give ſome of my readers an idea of the particular ſcene of theſe perambulations.

INDICATIONS OF COMMERCE.

In ſhort, if the varieties of ſhady hedge-rows and light-tinted fields, enamelled turfs, and ſky-reflecting brooks, plains, diſtant hills, and vallies, had delighted me before, my mind had now an additional ſource of employment

ployment in the foreſt of maſts, and ſails, ſome cloſely furled, and ſome moving with ſwelling majeſty before the wind, that preſented themſelves above the tops of houſes and of trees, and awakened in my boſom all thoſe pleaſing, and all thoſe troubleſome reflections, which a member of a commercial ſtate, and a reflecting friend to the general happineſs of his ſpecies cannot but indulge on ſuch an occaſion.

Commerce! thou doubtful, and thou partial good!
'Tis true by thee we ſwell to Wealth and Power;
And Britain's name, and Britain's arts by thee
Are wafted to each region of the Globe,
Bringing, in rich return, their varied tributes
Of wealth and elegance, and the rare boon
To which, o'er all, we owe the power to ſoar
Above the brute, toward the god-like frame
Of heaven-pervading natures—glorious ſcience!
Man's nobleſt privilege! But then by thee—
(With grief the muſe records it) oft by thee
War, ſavage War! too, lifts his brazen voice,
To bellow hideous diſcord through the World;
To deluge guiltleſs realms with native blood,
At mad Ambition's and at Avarice' call;
'Gainſt *human woe* to ſteel the *human breaſt*,
Inflame the rancour of compatriot ſtrife,

And

And preſs Oppreſſion's foot with fiercer wrath
On the bow'd neck of Miſery's fallen race.

'Tis thine, too, Commerce, thro' thy native land
To pour, wide-waſting, like a deluge, round
The poiſon'd ſtream of Luxury, rank-poluted!
The monſter breeding Nile of hideous vice,
From whoſe oft ſtagnant pools inceſſant ſpring
A loath'd miſhapen ſwarm, which Nature's eye
Turns haggard to behold.

Thou, Commerce, too, monopolizing fiend!
Fatten'ſt a few upon the toils of all;
And while thy favour'd ſons, in Parian domes,
Rival the pomp of regal ſplendour, lo!
In every town whoſe *charter'd inſolence*
Barters to Britain's ſons the Freeman's name,
If there thy throne is fix'd, what hundreds throng
Each ſad retreat of Wretchedneſs, or fill
The public ſtreets with wants' afflictive plaint;
Mourning thy fickle and capricious ſway,
Whoſe endleſs changes, tho' the rich not feel,
(For Protean gold will ever find employ)
Oft robs the pale mechanic of his bread,
And dooms the penſioner of diurnal toil,
For half the year, perhaps, to idle want;
Perhaps in age to learn a new employ.

THE DOCK-YARD.

THE unpleaſant parts of theſe reflections were, however, for a while, baniſhed from my mind, upon entering a large dock-yard, to which I had now, by a quickened pace, arrived. The buſtle of induſtry, and the grand objects immediately preſented to my view, engroſſed entirely my imagination; and as I had never before taken the opportunity of indulging my curioſity, by inſpecting works of this nature, reflection was entirely abſorbed in the contemplation of a new variety of ſublime and ſtupendous edifices, which, like floating towns, were to tranſport their various productions and inhabitants from clime to clime. Some, perhaps, deſtined to touch at new and undiſcovered ſhores, and bring home

home accounts of manners and cuſtoms yet ſtrange to European ears; others, perhaps, together with the articles of trafic, to convey the lights of ſcience into deſpotic empires; and others, ſtill, to bring from *tranſatlantic regions* new leſſons of FRUGAL LIBERTY and DISINTERESTED PATRIOTISM!

ODE *to the* AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

Yes, child of Britain! ſoul of flame!
Whoſe energetic valour roſe
Triumphant o'er Oppreſſion's woes
To unknown heights of Freedom's aweful fame!

Yes, thou, who firſt the brazen yoke
Of loath'd diſtinctions, falſe! and vain!
And Privilege's tyrant chain,
By Wiſdom's voice inſpir'd, indignant broke!

Thou, thou to Britain's parent clime
(That made thee, by oppreſſion, free)
Shalt waft the gallant thought ſublime
That pants for *genuine* liberty!

Tho' reverend Error's ſlow diſeaſe
Her age's doating vitals freeze,
Yet thou ſhalt ſend the healing balm
Which (like Medea's boaſted charm)
The enfeebling ill ſhall ſoon diſmiſs,
And renovate Britannia's bliſs.

Now

Now roaving over the ſpacious apartments of nearly finiſhed veſſels, my fancy was forcibly ſtruck with their contrivance and convenience; now looking, from below, or from above, I admired the wonderful magnitude of the objects; and now again ſurveying the firſt rudiments, or ſkeletons, upon which the artiſts were at work, I was loſt in aſtoniſhment at the ingenuity of man, and the wonders his united labours can perform; confeſſing, that whatever applauſe the builder of temples and palaces might claim for his ingenuity, was due in a ten-fold degree, to the naval architect. From thence I turned to the contemplation of ſome full-rigged veſſels (if ſo thoſe may be called of which the ſails were taken down) floating in the docks; and as the mind (fond of variety) ever turns with delight from the ſublime to the beautiful, I particularly admired ſome elegant little yatchs, adorned with every thing the arts could furniſh for their embelliſhment.

The

The dead white with which the cabin of one of theſe was painted, the gold beading that edged the pannels, the rods of ſimilar appearance, which went from ſide to ſide, for the convenience of ſlinging ſuch furniture as the agitation of the ſea might elſe overturn, together with the white and gold fringe on the dimity curtains at the windows, convinced me that a delicate taſte, and an attachment to the boiſterous element, are not ſo inconſiſtent as ſome are enclined to believe.

This obſervation, indeed, might be conſiderably extended: for though it be certain that every particular profeſſion has its particular influence upon the mind, yet is there none (if we except thoſe of the *Slave-Merchant*, and the *Hangman*) that abſolutely excludes a liberal taſte, and an open, feeling heart.

THE OLD SAILOR.

IN the cabin of one of the larger veſſels, up the ſide of which I next climbed, I was now not diſpleaſed to meet with an entertainment of another kind. In ſhort, I here found an old diſbanded Scotch ſailor, eating his meal of bread and cold milk, which, as he told me, (and, indeed, his countenance well agreed with his profeſſions) afforded him, perhaps, as much ſatisfaction as all the expenſive things of which your great folks make their dinners.

This was a happy preface to one of my temper, and as it is a maxim with me, that there is no human being with whom it is not worth

worth while to ſpend a quarter of an hour, I readily encouraged the overtures he made of converſation, and ſat myſelf down by his ſide.

Now it may be obſerved, that there is a certain deſcription of perſons, who no ſooner, through the convenient medium of a ſtage coach, or any fortunate accident, come in contact with a new ſet of features, than they are immediately ſmitten with a laudable curioſity to know as many circumſtances relative to the profeſſion, private concerns, birth, parentage, and adventures of the owner of ſuch features, as the ſaid owner, for the ſake of peace and quietneſs, and the avoidance of troubleſome importunity, may be prevailed upon to impart, and who, therefore, though they cannot, in common decency, enquire in direct terms, according to the courteous practice of the knights and heroines of romance, your name, profeſſion, place of abode, amours, and ſingular exploits, never fail to ſeize the earlieſt opportunity of propoſing ſome

ſome random ſuggeſtion, in hopes that from the correction of their error, you may be led to the train of information "ſo devoutly to be wiſhed."

Of this complexion, you muſt know, was my preſent companion; and as he was a ſhrewd ſort of fellow, and had withal the benefit of years and experience, he choſe ſo broad and general a propoſition to commence with, as, peradventure, he imagined could expoſe him to no danger of miſtake; and telling me he ſuppoſed I was a tradeſman, reſted, I dare ſay, in the full and pleaſurable aſſurance that my reply would inform him whether I had the happineſs to meaſure his lordſhip for his birth-day honours, or to try on my lady's ſlipper for the ball.—But his ſelf-complacency was of ſhort continuance; and notwithſtanding the broad ſweep in which his ſagacity had indulged itſelf, he had the mortification to obſerve that he had miſſed the mark.

"Indeed,

"Indeed, my friend!" ſaid I, "you are miſtaken."

I know not whether the little paltry vanity of arbitrary and ideal diſtinctions had given any involuntary emphaſis of triumph to my manner of making this brief reply; or whether it was the ſlaviſh impreſſion of theſe ſuppoſed diſtinctions that operated ſpontaneouſly on his mind; but certain it is, that the old ſailor began to teſtify his confuſion by awkward apologies for his miſtake.

I do not like to ſee one human being ſo much humiliated before another, for circumſtances that claim no humiliation; and I had the greater reaſon to repent of my reply, as I feared the falſe eſtimate of my importance might prevent that freedom of converſation from which alone the human heart can be revealed; and thoſe ſhades and diſtinctions of character that conſtitute the vaſt and entertaining variety of human nature can be developed. I aſſured him therefore, that there

was

was no offence in the miſtake; and that I ſhould have conſidered it as no diſgrace to be what he ſuppoſed, for that an honeſt tradeſman was a very reſpectable character; and that I knew of no character that could be reſpectable without honeſty; whatever privileged hypocrites and titled plunderers might ſuppoſe. And I concluded with obſerving, that, though I was no tradeſman, I had, nevertheleſs, the honour of earning my livelihood by my own induſtry.

The manner in which I delivered this, had ſo far the deſirable effect of reſtoring the confidence of my companion, that though he did not venture to probe for any farther information relative to myſelf, he fell into a kind of converſation much more to my purpoſe, as it gave me ſome inſight into his character and ſentiments, and confirmed the impreſſions his phyſiognomy had previouſly made.

The

The good Scotchman had rather an intelligent mind, with regard to thoſe things which had come within the ſphere of his obſervation, and ſeemed to have been curious to enquire, and to animadvert, as far as his opportunities and mental cultivation would permit: and, with regard to the latter, it muſt be obſerved, to the credit of the lower order of his countrymen, that they have generally a conſiderable advantage over thoſe, in ſimilar circumſtances, on our ſide of the Tweed.

He had ſeen ſome ſervice it appeared: yet he boaſted not of his exploits: but the modeſt indifference with which he ſpoke of battles, cannon balls, and wounds, gave me a higher opinion of his valour than could have been inſpired by all the ſwaggering oaths that were ever thundered forth from beneath the moſt formidable cocked hat in the univerſe. But what charmed me moſt in this honeſt Scot, were the evident benevolence of his mind, and the ſimple piety and mo-

rality that gave a ſerious tint to the whole of his converſation; from the firſt to the laſt of which, nothing like an oath or an indecency eſcaped his lips.—The latter of theſe pleaſing circumſtances, it muſt alſo be admitted (for it is time to ſubſtitute truth in place of the illiberality of national prejudice and animoſity) is ſomewhat more frequently to be obſerved among the lower orders of our *northern*, than our *ſouthern* brethren; and which I am much inclined to believe is more to be attributed to the ſuperior information before alluded to, than to any difference in the religious opinions inculcated in the different branches of the empire. For in this reſpect, at leaſt, all the religions of the earth agree.—That their *precepts* were intended to correct the heart, and that it is only their *abuſes* that corrupt it.

With reſpect to benevolence, indeed, I was ſorry to find that in ſo frank and honeſt a heart as I am ſure this poor fellow poſſeſſes, the influences of habit and profeſſional prejudice

dice had produced ſo conſiderable a blot on his philanthropy, as to occaſion him to rank among the proper objects of complaint, the long continuance of peace, with which this country had been afflicted: and it was not without ſurpriſe that I heard a man, who had uttered many things that bore the ſtrongeſt marks of ſhrewdneſs and good ſenſe, talk of this tedious peace as a cauſe of the decline of trade, and an impediment to the plentiful enjoyment of the comforts and accommodations of life. But we are all Quixotes in one point of view or another; and however rational we may be upon the whole, there is ſure to be ſome ſubject with reſpect to which we are inſane.

Indeed, I preſently found how little reaſon I had to be ſurpriſed at the opinion of the miſtaken tar upon this ſubject: his whole life, from fourteen or ſixteen, 'till now that he was between ſixty and ſeventy, having been ſpent between the dock-yard and the man of war. And there can be no doubt

but that money never circulates ſo freely, as in times of war and tumult, among ſailors, ſhip-carpenters, and the publicans who live in the neighbourhood of ſea-port towns; the two latter of which were the only deſcriptions of tradeſmen of whom he had any accurate idea.

Adieu, good, honeſt, though miſtaken tar! harſh indeed were the cenſor that ſhould condemn thy unlettered prejudices, when thoſe who boaſt ſo much of their refinement, are frequently the ſlaves of as palpable deluſions; and the followers even of liberal profeſſions can be blinded againſt the pure light of philoſophic liberty, and the genuine principles of ſubſtantial juſtice, by a ſlaviſh attachment to hereditary maxims, and the bigotry of eſtabliſhed precedents!

Little did I conceive, at the time when this was written, that we had thoſe at the helm who would be actuated by ſimilar calculations.

But

But the opinion of my nautical philoſopher has prevailed:—How much to the happineſs of England, the numerous bankruptcies which the ſudden burſting of the falſe bubble of ſtock-jobbing artifice has already produced, may, in ſome degree, aſſiſt us to *prognoſticate*; and the tears of widows and of orphans, and the increaſing load of national debt, the decay of commerce and manufactures, and accumulation of oppreſſive taxes, muſt too ſoon enable us to *determine*.

PICTURESQUE SCENERY—HISTORICAL ALLUSIONS.

HAVING ſpent (but not waſted, I truſt) more time in this converſation than I originally intended, I next took my ſolitary ſtation on the huge flood-gates that detained the water (for the tide was then low) in the

principal lock; and while the daſhing of the wave, ruſhing from a caſual aperture near the ſummit, ſoothed my penſive ear, I indulged the viſual ſenſe with the rich proſpects afforded by the luxuriant ſhores, and buſy ſurface of the winding Thames.

Not among the leaſt delightful objects of this ſcene muſt be noticed the excellent and magnificent ſtructure which ſurveys its majeſtic image, agitated on the ſwelling and tranſparent boſom of the paſſing ſtream:—an edifice, in which I could not but reflect, if the abuſe of patronage, and the more-favoured claims of pimping lacquies, might leave a vacancy for thoſe who are entitled to its protection, the old ſailor I had been converſing with ought ſurely to have been provided with a comfortable lodging.

But the hiſtory of this building (which, it will be readily concluded, can be no other than Greenwich Hoſpital) may be worthy of ſome ſlight attention.

It

It is partly ſituated on the ground where formerly ſtood a royal palace, built by Humphrey, Duke of Glouceſter, and known by the name of Placenta; of the front of which, next the water, a print was publiſhed by the Antiquarian Society, about thirty years ago, copied from an ancient drawing. In this old palace were born the two tyrant daughters of that inhuman voluptuary, Henry VIII.—Mary, whoſe ferocious zeal has purchaſed ſo much merited execration from mankind, and Elizabeth, whoſe treachery, forgeries, and malignant vices muſt tarniſh, in the eye of reaſon, all the ſplendid ſucceſſes of her reign, and turn her reiterated panegyrics into the moſt biting ſatires. Here, too, Edward VI. the patron of charity, and the darling of the proteſtants, expired.

The preſent ſtructure, which was alſo intended for a palace, was begun by the voluptuous Charles II. as a monument of the national folly that recalled him: and at the expence of 36,000l. he finiſhed a ſingle wing.

William III. (whom the Whigs brought from Holland *to ſave the nation!*)—amidſt all the wars and expences in which the country was involved to maintain his acceſſion, and which laid the *foundation* for the preſent enormous national debt, *found* money to erect another wing; and Queen Anne, the darling of the Tories, continued the building. George I. and George II. who kindly came from Hanover to complete our ſalvation and this ſtately building, brought *this part* of their work, at leaſt, to a concluſion; and the nation might have enjoyed the felicity of maintaining its monarch in one of the moſt ſplendid palaces in Europe. But a fit of good ſenſe unaccountably predominated; and after ſo many thouſands of the public money had been laviſhed upon its erection, the edifice was devoted to the humbler purpoſe of affording an aſylum for ſuch as had hazarded their lives, and ſacrificed their youth and limbs in the maritime wars of their country.

Part of the weſt and ſouth fronts were originally of brick, with ruſtic ornaments of ſtone-

ſtone-work; and I have ſeen a print of it in that ſtate. But they have, within theſe few years, been caſed entirely with ſtone.

In the contemplation of theſe hiſtorical circumſtances, and the beauties of the varied ſcene before me, together with the recollection of the poetical alluſions with which theſe proſpects and this famous ſtream have ſupplied ſome of our moſt admired poets, I continued for a conſiderable time, in this ſituation, till the ſun verging toward the weſtern horizon, warned me to refreſh myſelf with a frugal repaſt, and return to the ſocial delights of my own home.

DOMESTIC PROSPECTS.

DEAR ſocial dome, from whom awhile,
With truant ſteps, I rove,
That ſo at eve thy cheerful ſmile
May more endearing prove!

That ſo, as my eccentric feet
Through wilds and woodlands ſtray,
Or quit awhile the lone retreat,
Life's follies to ſurvey,

What ſcenes in human life prevail
And Nature's varying hues,
May lengthen out the cheerful tale,
Thy circle to amuſe.

To thee, thus pleas'd, and gay at heart,
My anxious ſtep returns,
The day's adventures to impart,
While blithe the faggot burns.

Yes, ſaid I, riſing, and lifting to my lip the laſt mantling draught of my cheerful cup—yes, even now will I return to the cheerful homely roof; and the ſplendid appearances of this evening ſky—continued I, looking weſtward—from which the glorious regent of the day will be juſt upon the brink of diſappearing as I loſe ſight of the rural ſcene, ſhall crown the rational pleaſures of my excurſion; and the ſimple adventures I have met with, and the temperate fatigue I have endured, will have an equal tendency to enliven the converſation of the evening, and give ſweetneſs, at night, to my repoſe.

THE WANDERER—A MELANCHOLY INTERVIEW.

BUT the adventures of the day were not as yet concluded; and my vernal excurſion was protracted far beyond its intended hour.

As I was "bruſhing with haſty ſteps the evening dews," I obſerved, ſauntering towards me, with folded arms and lowly-drooping head, juſt as I approached the outſkirts of the metropolis, a genteelly-dreſſed man, of middle ſtature, with the *tout enſemble* of whoſe appearance, I could not but perſuade myſelf I had once been familiar, though when or where memory could recollect no trace by which ſhe could immediately aſcertain. Nor was this very ſurpriſing, conſidering (though time had as yet

committed no ravages on his general form—for my unhappy friend was ſtill in the very flower of his youth) how much the inward canker of the mind had altered that lively and faſcinating deportment which was wont, like the vernal ſun-beam, to diffuſe its vivifying luſtre through every ſcene it ſhone upon.

O Grief! how oft thy wizard-touch, malign,
On the fair form of youthful manhood laid,
Bids every graceful energy decline,
And all the blooms of vernal promiſe fade!

Thy blaſting power not Lucio's ſelf could ſhun:
Lucio, now mouldering in the ſilent tomb,
The race of mental glory born to run——
Could early worth foretel the ripening doom.

His cultur'd mind, his elegance of form,
Sunk—ling'ring ſunk beneath thy gloomy ſway,
Nor left a heart ſo gen'rous, or ſo warm,
To mourn his ſorrows, and his worth diſplay.

Nor ſhall the roſes on the cheek I love
(If e'er thy breath, O ſtygian pow'r! they feel)
Or eyes, whoſe beams the kindling boſom move,
The winning graces of the ſoul reveal!

And

And ſee where Belmour, " bending o'er his tread,"
Steals in ſad negligence from human view,
Prone o'er the turf declines his waving head,
As o'er the grave ſome dark funereal yew.

The folded arms, the heaving breaſt declare,
And mutter'd plaints that mock the hollow wind,
The once-gay fav'rite of the ſmiling fair
To wild'ring woe and maniac pangs reſign'd.

Fled is the luſtre of that piercing eye
Which beam'd invention, dignity, and taſte!
Loſt ev'ry pow'r that wak'd the ſocial joy!
Each feature faded! and each charm effac'd!

How muſt the ſoul that, 'midſt the kindred throng,
Oft hail'd the ſprightly graces of his mien,
Weep to behold him penſive glide along
The wand'ring ghoſt of what he once has been!

Such are the reflections with which the recollection of his unexpected appearance, at this time impreſſes my mind: and which indeed agitated it, alſo, at that ſeaſon, as ſoon as I could ſufficiently recollect his perſon: But this was not till I had advanced cloſe up to him; which, indeed, I did not very eaſily effect; ſince, without at all obſerving who I was, or even lifting his dejected eyes from the

the earth, he turned with ſullen inſenſibility away, and endeavoured to avoid a rencounter.

The ſudden meeting with a friend from whom one has long been ſeparated, is always to be conſidered as among the moſt pleaſing, or the moſt painful incidents of one's life. To ſee, beaming with cordial ſmiles, the countenance from which chance or avocation has rendered one eſtranged, advancing unexpectedly towards one—to ſpring forward, with one conſent, and graſp the long-ſevered hand of amity, is a tranſport which minds of ſenſibility alone can truly reliſh.—Nor ſhall I ever forget the ſenſations with which, after an abſence of four years, I met, in happier hours, my now-departed Lucio, and renewed with him that ſacred bond of friendſhip which death, alone, was ſtrong enough to violate; and to which I owe many of the moſt refined and exalted pleaſures, and much of that unavoidable regret which at different periods have calmed or agitated this beating heart.—But thus to meet, deprived almoſt of reaſon,

reaſon, the moving monument of former friendſhip—to have the genuine ſalutation of ſurpriſe and pleaſure returned by the fixed, vacant ſtare of melancholy indifference—to meet the waſted, altered form of one whoſe ſoul ſeems buried in the gloomy grave!—My heart was rent: and words are wanting to expreſs my anguiſh.

At firſt, indeed, I could not but feel myſelf mortified at a reception ſo unexpected. But the cauſe was evident. It was not to me, but to all the world, that Belmour was become indifferent. The tender affections of the heart were dead within him——all, at leaſt, but one! which I ſoon found (though involved with hopeleſs clouds of anguiſh and remorſe) ſtill continued to glow within his heart with unextinguiſhable ardour.

"I thought, my dear friend," ſaid I—ſeizing his hand, with all the cordiality which he was once in the habit of returning—"I thought

thought you were on the other ſide of the Alantic."

He made me an evaſive anſwer; by which I diſcovered that he had deceived his friends with the idea, but that, in fact, he had never been out of England. At the ſame time, coldly withdrawing his hand, he waved his head, and purſued his melancholy way.

I did not wiſh to probe his ſorrows; for, wrapped in myſtery as they partly were, I was acquainted with enough of them to perſuade me that they were of too tender and hopeleſs a nature to endure the operation. I could not however reſiſt the temptation of turning back to accompany him. Society, I thought, might have a tendency to divert his attention; and conſidering the time of the evening, I imagined his perſon might not be entirely ſafe. As the moon, therefore, was juſt lifting her broad effulgence above the horizon, and there was every proſpect of a night whoſe ſerenity might correſpond with

with the ſplendour of the day, I yielded to the united force of my feelings, and of a certain pervading principle of my character, to which ſome have given the gentle name of eccentricity, and others the harſher ones of inſanity and folly, and turned immediately back to be the companion of his rambles.

"Where do you live, my friend," ſaid I, "that you are here at ſuch a ſeaſon? And whither can you be going?"

He ſhook his head, and made me no reply. At the ſame time putting his hand backward, as he turned away, and waving it ſlowly as a ſignal for me to retire, he muttered ſomething in an inarticulate voice, and began to mend his pace. There was ſomething, however, within me that refuſed obedience; and I yielded, without reſiſtance, to the internal impulſe.

TRAITS OF SINGULARITY.

THE prudent children of domeſtic uniformity, who are ſolicitous that the important functions of their exiſtence, as eating, drinking, winding up their watches, ſleeping, and the like, ſhould proceed in orderly ſucceſſion, at exact and ſtated periods, may, in all probability, feel themſelves but little inclined to compliment my underſtanding on this occaſion; and may think that, at this early ſeaſon, at leaſt, "while yet the trembling year is unconfirmed, and Winter oft at eve reſumes the breeze," a comfortable ſupper, by the domeſtic fire-ſide, and the luxury of a warm bed and blankets, might have been preferred to all the inſight into the movements of a broken heart, and all the ſombre beauties

beauties of a moon-light proſpect which ſuch an adventure was likely to afford. And ſo,

> " Ye ſlaves to buſineſs! bodies without ſoul!
> " Important blanks in Nature's mighty whole,"

who " ſolemnize nonſenſe in the day's broad glare," ſo—ſo they might by you. But ye are neither poets, nor peripatetic philoſophers! Poor Sylvanus Theophraſtus was ſtamped in another mould; and his feelings, his ſentiments, and his pleaſures fly, alike, eccentric, from your vortex. Be it to my fame—or to my diſhonour, my ſorrow or my felicity, I ſeem to have been ſpell-bound from my nativity, by ſome benignant, or malignant ſtar (for the diſcovery is yet in the womb of Futurity;) and to have been impelled, as Shakeſpeare expreſſes it, " by a divine thruſting on," to ſeek for pleaſures where the ſpectacles of worldly Prudence could never diſcover them, and find only *vacuum* in thoſe vaunted circles where the vulgar eye of purblind Cuſtom gazes with extaſies of joy. Independent, therefore, of my

my deſire to alleviate the ſufferings which my poor bewildered friend endured "from a hard father," the benignant ſmiles of the moon (ever an object of my fondeſt admiration) might have been quite a ſufficient motive for my ramble.

Thee, Queen of penſive Viſions! to whoſe ear
Sad Philomela pours her nightly moan,
While far-diffus'd thy modeſt beams appear
O'er hills, vales, groves, and purling riv'lets thrown—
Thee, nurſe of thonght!—or if thy ſilver ray
Break through the fleecy-margin'd clouds, ſerene,
Between the Aſpine's trembling leaf to play,
Or ſpread thy light o'er Ocean's boundleſs ſcene,—
Or if, ſublime! one ſpacious orb of fire,
Behind the eaſtern wave thou riſeſt ſlow,
Confronting, while his dazzling wheels retire,
The varied tints of Day's expiring glow——
Thee, placid Queen! whatever tint be thine,
Thee will I woo, while ſolemn Silence reigns;
Thee, whoſe mild luſtre ſheds the calm divine
That wild emotion's painful throb reſtrains!
And, O, 'tis thine, with thought-ſubliming ray,
To wake the ſeraph power that wings the ſoul
To heights unthought amidſt the gariſh day,
Beyond the bounds that Viſion's orb controul.
Thine, too, to lead to Inſpiration's ſpring
The Muſe, ſweet ſoother of my penſive hours!
To plume afreſh young Fancy's tow'ring wing,
And give to magic verſe ſublimer powers.

In

In ſhort, I may not improperly be ſaid to have had for ſome years what the critics and witlings, if they pleaſe, may call *an affair with the moon*; and as nothing is ſo apt to betray a man into indiſcretions as his amours, this lunar attachment has occaſionally ſubjected me to the raillery of my acquaintance. This was particularly the caſe in an inſtance that occurred a few years ago; and which, as it is naturally enough connected with this Hiſtory of Rambles and Eccentricities, I ſhall ſubmit to the animadverſion of the reader.

THE RETREAT.

I HAD, at that time, a neat, though humble little cottage, in the vicinity of the metropolis:—a convenient retreat for poetic meditation—and from which (though it afforded

forded the friendly opportunity of conceal-ing, in the boſom of obſcurity, the misfor-tunes which no one cares ſhould be the ſport and gazing-ſtock of the unfeeling world) I could iſſue occaſionally in queſt of that re-putation, for which, almoſt from my ear-lieſt infancy, this boſom has been panting.

By the pupils of taſte and elegance it would have been held in but little eſtima-tion: yet has memory ſo many inducements to regard this peaceful habitation with af-fection, that I could fill whole pages in de-ſcribing the little brook that flowed by its ſide, the fruitful vine that mantled it around, and the ſmiling garden that encompaſſed it—whoſe little fruit-trees, and ſhady rows of poplars, were the plants of my own hand, and the nurſlings of my care.

There were, alſo, other conſiderations that endeared it to me. It had been the occa-ſional retreat of health for a tender parent,

in

in days of former proſperity; and the theatre of thoſe infant paſtimes and endearments which no one, who has a heart, remembers without delight.

A MIDNIGHT RAMBLE.

IT was to this retirement that I was one winter's night returning from a convivial party, with which I ſometimes ſhook off the weight of unavailing melancholy, when I was ſeized with the eccentric deſire of devoting to a moon-light ramble thoſe remaining hours which Nature ſeemed to have intended for repoſe.

The clear refulgent orb had gained the cloudleſs zenith of the ſky; and the whole azure vault, thick-ſpangled with the worlds and planets of Creation's complicated ſyſtem, diffuſed

diffuſed over my ſoul ſuch a deſire of contemplation, and my mind was agitated with ſo many reflections which ſlumber could not have lulled, that every idea of the ſolitary pillow was baniſhed; and not ſatisfied with beholding the effect of this flood of radiance on the leafleſs trees, and the glittering windows of the adjacent buildings, I directed my courſe to a celebrated eminence, famous for recreations of a leſs-intellectual nature; from the ſummit of which I hoped to enjoy the ſtill-more delightful proſpect of this effulgence ſporting in tremulous reflection over the winding ſurface of the River.

The reader would ſmile, perhaps, were I to conclude this adventure by informing him that my expectations were diſpappointed; and that, after walking five or ſix miles, in a very cold night, to view the Thames by moon-light, I found myſelf, at laſt, ſtationed between the objects from whoſe united view the deſired effect was to be produced, and

conſequently where no reflection could be ſeen.

But, in fact, (to unfold the whole of the ſecret,) in the *grand* object of my excurſion, I was *not* diſappointed: for, though I had no opportunity of contemplating the ſcenery I expected, the no-leſs beautiful phænomena of the opening dawn, and the grand ſucceſſion of hues that followed, till the ſun began to peer above the diſtant hills, made an ample atonement for the loſs; and, together with the acceleration of animal ſpirits, which a proper degree of exerciſe ſeldom fails to produce, lulled, in ſome degree, the painful reflections that principally induced me to this unſeaſonable ramble.

In fact, my mind was making its firſt painful efforts againſt the prejudices of education; Reaſon was becoming importunate for the free exertion of her powers; and Faith was no longer to be tamely held in the arbitrary chains of hereditary opinion. The

contemplation of ſo many glories of Creation had naturally conducted my thoughts to the Creator; and to man, the moſt ſublime and complicated of all his viſible productions: and the laws of Providence (as my early tutors had explained them) preſſed, by an unavoidable concatenation upon my thoughts.

Was it my fault—tell me, ye caſuiſts, ye zealots, and ye diſſemblers!—Was it my fault that my imagination became immediately haunted by a thouſand doubts which my ſyſtem could never explain?—Were they, ye fanatics! the ſuggeſtions of the ARCH-ENEMY OF MANKIND?——or were they ſent by a *benevolent* CREATOR, as the gracious ſigns of that eternal reprobation to which, even from before my nativity, your theory would perhaps condemn me?—Be this as it will, my mind was bewildered in horrors. To doubt the ſyſtem I had been taught ſeemed blaſphemy beyond hope of pardon: yet grant it true, and my ſoul was ſhipwrecked indeed—for a thouſand circumſtances ruſhed

ruſhed immediately upon my mind that contradicted, according to theſe calculations, every idea of juſtice in the DIVINE BEING.

The mind that was never tormented by ſuch a doubt, can form no idea of its horror. I looked upon myſelf as abandoned to reprobation for harbouring the dreadful thought. I recollected, however, that it was involuntary: and involuntary criminality baffled every conception of reaſon. I endeavoured to ſtifle reflection: but in vain. Doubt flowed upon doubt; and thought would not be lulled. "Baneful, officious zeal!" exclaimed I, in the bitterneſs of my heart, "that filled my infant mind with myſterious dogmas, it had neither ſtrength to comprehend nor to reject. Had they followed each other in deliberate ſucceſſion, as reaſon was obſerved to unfold, perhaps they might have been perſpicuous and evident—the proſpect might have now been clear. But as it is—all is darkneſs and terror!"

O Reaſon! "firſt-created beam!"
That through the night of Chaos broke,
And pour'd the plaſtic vital ſtream
Whence form and beauteous order woke!——

O Reaſon! firſt-created beam!
Exiſting Nature's boundleſs ſoul!
Dart through this cloud thy cheerful gleam,
And ev'ry gloomy fear controul.

O! put the ſhadowy train to flight
That ſtalk in Terror's dubious night,
And ev'ry wild'ring thought reſtrain
That racks the Sceptic's throbbing brain!

In ſuch a ſtate of mind, it was natural for me to ſtartle at the very idea of the lonely couch. Darkneſs and unoccupied ſolitude might have led to madneſs. I reſolved to avoid the danger; and in the contemplation of thoſe natural phænomena, for which I had always ſo enthuſiaſtic an admiration, to baniſh theſe diſtracting doubts till I could examine the ſyſtem from which they reſulted.

I have examined it; and found it to be built on ſand. The bigot phantoms of hereditary

reditary prejudice have vaniſhed before the ſearching rays of inveſtigation, and left in their place the pure and ſimple form of a milder perſuaſion, whoſe univerſal benevolence ſmiles endearment to the heart of Senſibility, whoſe cheerful precepts are founded on the convictions of reaſon; and which promiſes the perfection of Juſtice without the immolation of Mercy.—Yes, ſuch has been the reſult of my enquiry: and theſe painful doubts ſhall diſturb my peace no more:—doubts with which this frame would never have been ſhaken, but for the neglect of this ſimple maxim—That nothing ſhould be inculcated on the infant mind but what it is adequate to comprehend: for *truth* itſelf is only a prejudice when adopted without being underſtood.

Then hail! fair Reaſon's golden ray!
That, chaſing Superſtition's gloom,
Reſtores of Truth the peaceful day,
And gives each mental joy to bloom!

To thee, *true* VIRTUE'S *only friend!*
Be my *implicit reverence* given:
To thee, may every Paſſion bend,
And own the *genuine voice of* HEAVEN!

A CHILDISH RETROSPECT.

So ſerious a cauſe, however, was not always to be aſſigned for my eccentricities. The mere admiration of the phænomena of Nature being a ſufficient temptation for me to reſign, not only the allurements of the couch of ſlumber, but, alſo, the pleaſures of ſociety, and the participation of ſeaſonable repaſts. Of this I gave a remarkable inſtance while I was yet a boy, and only in my ſixth, or ſeventh year.

I had accompanied ſome relations in an expedition to Margate. But as the party was principally compoſed of thoſe ſagacious, ſober-ſided mortals, whoſe animadverſions are generally confined to a few *hums* and *has* about the

the decay of trade and the balance of power, and that uſeful kind of knowledge which is collected in the confines of the counting-houſe, I ſtole ſecretly away from a converſation I could neither partake nor enjoy, and wandering from place to place, in queſt of ſuch objects as might amuſe my fancy, or gratify my curioſity, I came, unexpectedly, at laſt, upon the pier. The fine and novel proſpect that here ruſhed upon my view, preſented every thing that my eye was in queſt of. And ſo rivetted was my attention by the majeſtic ſcene, that, while gazing on its beauties, I ſuffered the hours of refreſhment to paſs over me without regard, and the ſpreading orbit of the ſun to decline below the horizon, without reflecting how I was to return to my friends.

Nay, the proſpect faded before my curioſity was gratified; and when ſcarce an object remained to engage the viſual ſenſe, the murmuring of the ebbing tide ſtill ri-

vetted my enchanted ear, and the veil of darkneſs was almoſt cloſed over the face of heaven when (after a long and anxious ſearch) I was diſcovered in this ſituation, hanging, in ſweet enthuſiaſm, over the artificial precipice, and liſtening to the daſhing ſurge.—A circumſtance this, from which ſome of my friends imagined themſelves juſtified in concluding, that the thermometer of my intellect would never riſe many degrees above the freezing point of idiotiſm.

Eugenius, however, drew a very different concluſion. But it was the fate of Eugenius, and my misfortune, that he ſhould mingle with his native duſt, long before the powers of my mind could be unfolded by his inſtructions. The world, therefore, before whoſe tribunal I am haſtening with trembling precipitancy, muſt judge between the oppoſite opinions.

" But

"But we have loſt," you will ſay, "in the ſerago of this long digreſſion, the melancholy friend, in whoſe behalf you have ſo much endeavoured to intereſt us."

And ſo, in fact, had I. For though, by the patient ſilence with which he ſeemed to liſten to my diſcourſe, I began to hope that my efforts to divert his melancholy reflections were not entirely without ſucceſs, we no ſooner arrived at a houſe convenient for his purpoſe, than, deſiring me to wait a moment, as if he had ſomething to enquire for, he hurried through the paſſage by a back-door, and left me ſtaring in vacant expectation for his return, till my patience being at laſt exhauſted, I diſcovered, by enquiry, that he had given me effectually the ſlip. So obſtinate is ſettled ſorrow in refuſing conſolation! Nor, though I ſet to work every engine of enquiry, and, day after day, repeated my viſits

to the ſpot where I had formerly met him, could I, at this time, hear or diſcover any thing more of the unhappy Belmour. Melancholy, indeed, has often its ſtated haunts: yet ſeldom will the widowed bird return to the ſpray from which unwelcome ſociety has diſturbed it.

A PLEASING INTERVIEW.

BUT the conſequences of my excurſion did not terminate here: for while I was yet ſtanding at the door, ruminating on the extraordinary adventure, a poſt-chaiſe drove up to the houſe, in which, as ſoon as the glaſs was let down, I recogniſed the perſon of my friend Ambulator:——a young gentleman whoſe taſte for antiquarian obſervation, and, indeed, for almoſt every branch of literature and liberal ſcience, had conſpired, with the evident generoſity of his diſpoſition, to awaken

waken in my mind the ſentiments of reſpect, during the ſhort intercourſe we had once the opportunity of enjoying, and to render me deſirous of a more durable and intimate acquaintance.

Having ſet my face againſt other ſuperſtitions, I ſhall not preach up the idle doctrine of ſympathies and inſtinctive attachments: but there is certainly a kind of mental attraction, by which diſpoſitions that aſſimilate, like the correſpondent particles of matter, have a tendency to adhere whenever they are brought within the ſphere of mutual action. This, I was happy to find, was the caſe in the preſent inſtance: for no ſooner was Ambulator enabled (by the aſſiſtance of the light which the moon was ſo liberally diffuſing over the landſcape) to recollect the features of my face, than, throwing open the door of the chaiſe, he ſprung forward to meet me with all the gratifying cordiality of a ſettled friendſhip.

THE FRIEND—A CHARACTER.

AMBULATOR is one of thoſe eccentric characters, whoſe attentions are always proportioned in a directly-converſe ratio from thoſe of the generality of mankind. He would bruſh by a titled friend to take unconnected merit by the hand; and would give the firſt ſalutation to indigent Senſibility, though purſe-proud Opulence were thronging every corner of the room.

As I ſhall have other opportunities of doing juſtice to his character, I ſhall not here enlarge either upon the powers of his intellect, or the general liberality of his ſentiments and conduct; but ſhall obſerve, that as his circumſtances placed him, in the eſti-

mation of the world, above me, he preſſed forward to lay claim to my friendſhip with an alacrity that ſhewed he would have been hurt, had he not been firſt to expreſs thoſe ſentiments which he hoped were mutually felt.

He knew how embarraſſing a thing it is to the feelings of the ſuſceptible mind to be foremoſt in challenging the friendſhip of thoſe whom the world denominates ſuperiors; and ſo much pride is there mingled with his generoſity, that he would not himſelf be the firſt to court ſociety with Greatneſs, though ſhe threw herſelf in his way, and would ſell her favours for the price of ſo much adulation.

In ſhort—though he is no enthuſiaſt—(He abhors the ſanguinary crew, and holds in equal deteſtation the *monſter*, who conſiders liberty as imperfect till hecatombs of his fellow creatures are ſacrificed to his wild fanaticiſm, and the *hoary Renegado*, who cannot die in peace upon his bed, unleſs his theatrical frenzy

frenzy may firſt be appeaſed by the extinction of public ſpirit, and the total annihilation of the Rights and Liberties of Mankind!)—yet is Ambulator a ſteady and determined advocate for *the genuine principles of* LIBERTY *and* EQUALITY; ſince, while he *regards as ſacred the rights and poſſeſſions of every individual*, he eſteems the diſtinctions of *Nature* ſuperior to thoſe of *Fortune*, and (paying his *obedience*, only to the LAWS) proportions his *reſpect* to the *virtues* and *abilities* of men, and not to their *rank* and *opulence*. Nor are theſe ſentiments maintained as mere ſpeculations: they pervade every action, and ſhine conſpicuous in every paſſion of his heart: nor does he ever ſeem to forget, that as there is no perſonage ſo high to whom he ought to ſacrifice his independence, neither is there any one ſo low that he ought, in his deportment towards him, to diſpenſe with the reſpect that is due from one *Human Being* to another.—Of this, ſince our acquaintance has become more intimate, ſeveral ſtriking inſtances have fallen under my obſervation; and among the reſt

reſt one, which, though trifling in its nature, marks too ſtrongly the deep root his principles have taken, to be paſſed over with indifference by an obſerver of the human heart.

We were croſſing, one afternoon, with ſome degree of care, a very dirty ſtreet, in our way to a friend's houſe, when a huge muſcular fellow, long uſed to the arbitrary dominion of the cart-whip, came ſplaſhing by us, and preſuming on the diminitive form of my friend, took the liberty of damning him for a "Jack-a-Dandy," and puſhing him out of the way. But Ambulator, whoſe philoſophy ſometimes bends a little to his indignation, and who has alſo a ſyſtematic averſion to every ſpecies of Oppreſſion, (whether of athletic violence or haughty domination,) was neither inclined quietly to endure this inſult, nor to meaſure the diſproportionate ſtrength of his antagoniſt. He ſtepped forward, therefore, with great intrepidity, and with eyes beaming inexpreſſible reſentment, ſeized the gigantic ruffian at the breaſt: for his collar he could not reach.

I had

I had ſeen ſo many examples of the power of a certain mental fervour, and an intrepid deportment, to unnerve the Herculean ſinews of half-humanized Inſolence, that I profeſs I was in more apprehenſion about the *principles* than the *perſon* of my friend. But he preſerved his conſiſtency throughout; and, holding at arm's length the aſtoniſhed drayman, bade him in a firm and commanding tone, "*Learn for the future to reſpect his* FELLOW CREATURES!"—and thus left him, more chop-fallen, I think, than I ever beheld a ſchool-boy, who had been ſcourged by his imperious pedagogue.

"The *hot-headed madman*, now," ſaid I to myſelf, "would have ſtruck this mountain, and have had his bones broke;—the *fopling* would have ſhrunk within himſelf 'till he was out of hearing, and then muttered a parcel of new-coined oaths between his teeth, haſhed up with "*bore*," and "*brute*," and "*reverence for ſuperiors*;" and there are ſome perhaps who would have thought it a diſgrace

to

to the country, that people of reſpectability are not protected by the pending ſeverity of military coercion from this preſumption of the baſe *canaille!*—But to mingle ſuch a degree of ſpirited indignation with ſo much ſyſtematic modeſty, evinces an elevation of character ſeldom to be met with at any period of human life, and much leſs in a young gentleman of two or three and twenty. This elevation, however, my friend Ambulator diſplays in every department of life; and as the reader is hereafter to have further acquaintance with him, it would be a kind of injuſtice, if I were not to complete the portrait by delineating his ſmall, but erect and manly form, his open brow, his ſtrong, but ſoftened features, and his forward-darting eye, which reveal to the phyſiognomiſt the internal graces and dignity of his mind, and prepoſſeſs in his favour even thoſe who deny the *truth*, becauſe they are unacquainted with the *principles* of that ſcience.

To

To return to my nocturnal adventure:—As Ambulator was proceeding to town, I accepted a ſeat in his chaiſe; and, finding he had ſome buſineſs to ſettle which would detain him a few days, I perſuaded him to make my houſe his home; and as time would, I found, be no object to him, on his return, I agreed (upon condition that it ſhould be a pedeſtrian excurſion) that I would accompany him a part of the way, that we might compare our remarks on ſuch monuments of antiquity, and ſuch pictureſque beauties of art and nature, as the road, or its environs might preſent.

It was not to be a mere excurſion of pleaſure: for nothing is, in general, more deluſive or inſipid. Information and improvement were to conſtitute the principal features of our expedition; over which we had no doubt the roſy Goddeſs would diffuſe her cheerful

cheerful luſtre: for in theſe leſſer excurſions, as in the grand journey of life, Pleaſure has always the more-alluring charm when ſhe rather appears as the occaſional companion of the way, than is looked forward to as the important object of purſuit.

The reſult of our obſervations may perhaps be neither very original nor profound: but if the reader ſhould feel the ſame intereſt with ourſelves in the little adventures we met with on the road, or ſhould have a taſte for thoſe converſations, that, in a manner, *ſtole* the miles ſo imperceptibly away, he will not regret the trifling expence and exertions that enable him to be of our party.

For ſweet, when Morning ſtreaks the vernal ſky,
To quit the oblivious couch of dull repoſe,
Mark in light troops the ſcatter'd ſhadows fly,
And all the azure pomps of heav'n diſcloſe;

And ſweet to hear from ev'ry dripping thorn,
(Whoſe dew-drops glitter in the early ray,)
Or high in air, on ruffet pinions borne,
The joyous ſong that hails returning day!

And ſweet, aſcending to the verdant brow
Of ſome proud hill, to caſt the eye around
O'er reeking vales and meadows ſtretch'd below,
That ſeem like lakes—in teeming vapour drown'd!

But ah! nor vernal ſky, nor bluſhing dawn,
Nor ſcatt'ring clouds, nor azure vault on high,
Nor linnet warbling from the glittering thorn,
Nor ſoaring lark that wakes the ſtrain of joy;

No; nor the proſpect from the ſwelling height
Of reeking valleys ſpread like lakes below,
Nor all the pleaſures of the raviſh'd ſight
Like *friendly Converſe* wake the raptur'd glow!

This the true Hermes who, with feather'd heel,
Flits unfatigued along the lengthen'd way,
And bears the wand of Science, to reveal
Whate'er of Wiſdom in the path may lay.

Then Friendſhip come, and with thy ſoothing lore
New charms o'er every vernal ſcene diffuſe,
The landſcape gild, the human heart explore,
And prompt the fervours of a moral muſe!

EX-

EXCURSION TO ROCHESTER.

Ut primum lux alma data eſt, exire, locoſque
Explorare novos;——
——ipſe uno graditur comitatus Achate. VIRGIL.

A PROBLEM FOR THE METAPHYSICIANS.

WE awoke, as if by ſome curious ſpecies of mechaniſm, juſt as we had pre-determined, at about half paſt three in the morning, although the hazineſs of the weather prevented the ſun from lending any aſſiſtance to our reſolution.—A circumſtance this, which, but for the habit we have of thinking nothing wonderful which we have frequent opportunities of obſerving, might be thought worthy of ſome little obſervation.

Does

Does not this promptitude (one might enquire) with which we rouſe from the ſuppoſed Lethean couch, juſt at the wiſhed for period, whenever we are ſtrongly diſpoſed to the execution of any favorite ſcheme, tend conſiderably to prove that the mind is not ſo entirely paſſive during the hours of ſleep as ſome philoſophers are enclined to repreſent?—Does it not compel one either to join with thoſe fanatics who ſuppoſe themſelves (poor worthleſs worms!) ſurrounded by miniſtering ſpirits, watching, with inviſible agency, over their moſt trivial concerns? or elſe to acknowledge, that when every external ſenſe is cloſed, the mind is, perhaps, no partaker of the temporary oblivion?

Tell me, elſe, ye ſophiſts! by what curious art the temporary obſtruction is procured for the exact time the machine itſelf has determined?—How is the obſtruction to intelligence removed at the bidden hour?—If the ſoul is unconſcious while we ſleep, certainly *unconſciouſneſs* can never *know when conſciouſneſs ought to re-commence.*

But

But I leave it to the metaphyſicians.—For my own part, when intereſting queſtions fall in my way, which, from their nature, bid defiance to demonſtration, I know no better maxim than to abide by the concluſion that involves the feweſt abſurdities.

THE BREAKFAST.——SUGGESTIONS OF VANITY.

THE earlineſs of our riſing did not prevent the keenneſs of our appetites: for ſleep (in defiance of popular opinion) is an excellent digeſter; and the mental banquet we at the ſame time enjoyed, gave an additional zeſt to our repaſt.

In ſhort, I had put two of my favorite Poets (Beattie and Armſtrong) in my pocket; and as it occurred to me that a few paſ-

ſages

ſages from the minſtrel would be no bad motto to our excurſion, I put the book into the hands of one, whoſe voice could give additional charms to the captivating poetry it contains; and we, accordingly, tranſpoſed the excellent practice of antiquity; and enjoyed a literary breakfaſt, inſtead of a literary ſupper.

It is impoſſible for me ever to recall, without a ſenſe of gratitude, the delightful ſenſations with which I have often peruſed this ſublimeſt moraliſt that ever culled among the inſpiring charms of nature, "The ſweets that work the ſoul's eternal health, and Love, and Gentleneſs, and Joy impart!"

It was one of thoſe books, which, in my earlier and more unfortunate years, I ſnatched a trifle from the common comforts—almoſt from the common neceſſaries of life to procure. And I was richly repaid.

Strug-

Struggling (with no other aſſured advantage, than a keen taſte for poetry, and a big ambitious heart) to attain the arduous heights of literary reputation, in ſpite of all the impediments with which neglect, obſcurity, and misfortune could ſhackle an aſpiring mind; and fluctuating in painful ſuſpenſe between doubt and preſumption—ſo natural to a ſecluded votary of the muſes, to whom the advantages of literary acquaintance never had been known—my anxious heart could not but receive ſome conſolation, when (embelliſhed with all the charms of ſentiment and deſcription) I traced in the youthful manners and diſpoſitions of Edwin, the faithful delineation of my own boyiſh years; and beheld, as in a mirror, the reflection of thoſe features that ſo evidently marked my own eccentric mind.

I could not, indeed, (on account of my inſulated reſidence,) apply to myſelf the awful ſtanzas that paint the infant minſtrel, roving among the rough magnificence of ſcenery

afforded by the rocky ſhores of Scotland: but I enjoyed, in imagination, the proſpect of realizing, at ſome period, all his *dreadful* pleaſures:—And as for the other parts of the poem——

Still asthe young Enthuſiaſt I purſue,
And eager trace his lonely wanderings wild,
Freſh riſe the haunted ſcenes to Fancy's view
Which oft the throbbings of this heart beguil'd;

Through which the Muſe, full oft, in penſive mood,
Has led me, 'raptur'd, all the livelong day,
(Charm'd with wild Nature's works, ſublimely rude!)
To point the moral, and attune the lay:——

Where oft, in ecſtaſies of mournful thought,
Enthuſiaſt Fancy ruſh'd upon my ſoul,
And tun'd the airy harp, whoſe whiſpers taught
The force of gloomy paſſions to controul:——

Where, of the ſordid World forgetful grown,
Its wants, its cares, its ſlanders, and its hate,
By Meditation's friendly aid alone,
I ſnatch'd a boon amidſt the frowns of fate.

O! bowers of Enfield!—Woods, and wilds, and ſtreams,
Whoſe mazy wanderings ſpread enchantment round;
Where oft, protected from the noon-tide beams,
Theſe limbs have ſtretch'd along the moſſy ground;

Where

Where oft the Lark has call'd me up to roam,
And loſe in Nature's charms Misfortune's pain;
Till Evening's penſive ſongſter warn'd me home;
Yet held me liſt'ning to her mournful ſtrain.

O bowers of Enfield! and thou buſhy dell,
Beſide whoſe runnels as I wont to rove
My trembling fingers firſt attun'd the ſhell
To notes reſponſive of neglected love!—

There too, oft loitering in the darkling glade,
The moral Muſe that ſung Amanda's woe
Frequent I wooed, the mournful theme to aid,
And teach my infant numbers how to flow.

O bowers of Enfield! which ſome future lay
Shall ſing——Might Heav'n permit the ſong to live!
O!—dear-remember'd bowers and riv'lets! ſay
To me what joys could rural nature give.

And thou! gay Surry!—thou, whoſe paſtur'd lawns,
Clear-ſmiling brooks, and gently-ſloping hills,
Luxuriant verdure's gayeſt tint adorns,
While thro' each grove the ſweeteſt muſic trils!—

Thee, Queen of Beauty! whoſe enamell'd vales
And graceful foliage Thames delights to view,
While o'er his channel crowd the ſportive ſails
Thy winding bounds, luxuriant, to purſue;—

Thee, from thy throne, on Richmond's beauteous height,
Where ſtreams, groves, villas, at thy footſtool lay,
Will I invoke, to ſay with what delight
Among thy ſmiling ſcenes I wont to ſtray.

For thou haſt ſeen me oft, at Evening hour,
Thy wild-wood flowrets twining round my head,
With fixt regard each glowing tint devour
By waining Phœbus o'er the welkin ſpread :—

And thou haſt mark'd me, in the woodland ſcene,
With infant fingers cull the moſſy ſtore,
And ſtill, with meditative ſmile ſerene,
Each various product's various hues explore :—

But chief where'er the ſilver-fretted brook
Pour'd its low cadence, haſt thou ſeen me ſtray,
To mark its eddies oft, with penſive look,
While glanc'd the noon-tide, or the Lunar ray.

PAINFUL RECOLLECTIONS.

THERE was, however, one particular, in which, from a better motive than ambition, I could not but bluſh at the recollection

tion of a temporary diſſimilarity in the infant character of Edwin and myſelf. For ſo far was the generous ſentiment, "His heart from cruel ſport eſtranged, would bleed to work the woe of any living thing," from being ſtrictly applicable to ſome few of my earlieſt years, that I often ſhudder to reflect on the cruel and ſelfiſh diſpoſitions which nature ſeemed at one time to have implanted in my boſom. Nor was it 'till frequent opportunities of contemplating, with enamoured eye, the varied beauties of creation, in my eccentric rambles, and indulging the poetical ſtudies to which they conducted, had ſoothed and meliorated my heart, that the bloſſoms of ſenſibility began to unfold themſelves, and I awakened to a ſympathetic feeling for every ſentient tennant of this many-peopled ſphere.

Hail, Meditation! modeſt maid!
Who rov'ſt full oft, in thoughtful mood,
By haunted brook, or ſhadowy glade,
Or o'er the heath-clad mountain rude
To meet the Muſe, wild Fancy's child!
Companion of thy penſive hours;
Who glads the dark-hued foreſt wild,
And decks the barren wold with flow'rs.

And as ye, thus, Enthuſiaſt Pair!
In mental converſe loitering ſtray,
And Nature's cheering beauties ſhare,
Inſtruction beams to gild your way:
Nor, yet, *external* ſcenes alone
The moralizing theme impart—
Your ſearching glances, inward thrown,
Correct the feelings of the heart.

For who with ſerious eye can view
Thoſe ſcenes the Muſe delights to hail,
Or Meditation's flight purſue,
Nor feel the generous thought prevail?
From Nature's hand on all around
(Meads graz'd by flocks, and choral ſhades)
Since Love's benignant ſtamp is found,
And Sympathy thro' all pervades.

Ah! ſure, if all to human kind
Their tributary bleſſings bring,
To glad the ſenſe, or ſooth the mind,
Or vibrate pleaſure's genial ſtring—
Ah! ſure, where'er a nerve is found
To feel delight, or ſuffer woe,
There Man, by every tie, is bound
Or this to ward, or that beſtow.

Then let me, ſweet Enthuſiaſts! moan;
Nor check the tear ye taught to fall;
That future feelings may atone
For ſcenes I can no more recall.

And

And let the Woodlark's plaintive trill,
And her's who charms the twilight grove,
Their mournful leſſons oft inſtill,
And virtue's tender pang improve.

APOLOGY TO THE CRITICS.

CRITICAL ſeverity may ſneer, perhaps, at the vanity and egotiſm of ſome of the foregoing remarks: but it ſhould be remembered, that it is a part of my profeſſion to give a copy of my own eccentricities to the World; and that, having once made choice of ſo illuſtrious a confeſſor, I am not at liberty to practiſe mental reſervation. I ſhall freely add, however, that many of my confeſſions are without contrition: for that I can never repent me of a deluſion, without the conſolation of which, even the ardour and activity of youthful ſpirits might have been inſufficient to ſtruggle with paſt misfortunes.

Repent

Repent me?—No: even now I recall with exultation the hour when, yet a boy, friendleſs, and dejected—and encumbered alſo with the misfortunes of thoſe whoſe fate Nature had united with my own—with no profeſſion,—but one, from the cruelty and mechanical oppreſſion of which my ſoul turned away with ſullen and mortified indignation, I firſt beheld, (through the magic mirror of this poem) thoſe brighter proſpects of fame opening before me, which though they have never been realized (nor perhaps ever will) inſpired the confidence, and ſtimulated the exertions which, through all the ſtorms that aſſailed my inexperienced youth, have brought me, at laſt, into a peaceful harbour, where competency and reſpectability may ſhed their cheering rays to warm the little ſocial circle of my affections; and from whence I may meditate, at more leiſure, thoſe projects of mental improvement and literary ambition, which no ſituation of life is ſufficiently elevated or depreſſed to extinguiſh within this boſom.

Gentle.

Gentle Reader,

If, in the foregoing digreſſions, I ſhould appear, according to thy better judgment, to have wandered too far from the point, thou wilt be kind enough to remember, that, as I am only a foot traveller, the bye path to the right and to the left is always as open to me as the turnpike road: and that if, on the preſent occaſion, I have been rambling ſomewhat too long among the fields and green allies of poetical digreſſion, thou art, nevertheleſs, bound in gratitude to excuſe me, ſince I have been induced ſo to do purely for thy ſake, and to give thee to underſtand, at this early ſtage of my work, what ſort of a fellow he is who profeſſes to entertain thee: a circumſtance about which thy curioſity, and that of thy predeceſſors, from time immemorial, has been matter of the moſt public notoriety; and which in a work of ſo excurſive, and miſcellanious a nature as the preſent, it appears more proper thus to deal out

to

to thee in detached portions, than by any formal preface, introduction, or ſeries of biographical memoirs that could poſſibly have been hereunto prefixed.

THE STREET.

"THE Weather," ſaid my friend, looking up, as we walked along, "is, it is true, a little hazy this morning; but it would have been a pity to have diſappointed ourſelves, on that account, of this long expected pleaſure.

"For my own part, indeed, I never permit the ſlight appearances of a pending ſhower to interfere with my engagements; being convinced, that, not only in the ſerious, but even in the more trifling purſuits of life, one ought not to be lightly driven from one's purpoſe

purpoſe by caſual circumſtances or frivolous inconveniencies."

Now this was a ſentiment ſo entirely correſpondent with my own, that had it been uttered by a bearded Jew, an Æthiop, or a wild Arabian, I could have hugged him to my boſom, and have hailed him inſtantaniouſly as my friend.—" For an Engliſhman," continued I, " has too many caprices of his own, turning him continually out of the path of reſolution, to ſuffer thoſe of his climate, alſo, to thwart his intentions, and prevent his pleaſures. And wiſdom, permit me to obſerve, does not ſo much conſiſt, as ſome ſurly old philoſophers would perſuade us, in deſpiſing Pleaſure, as in being, as far as Human-Nature will permit, independent of contingencies and accidents in her purſuit.

" Your Peripatetic, therefore," continued I—examining my dreſs, which was by no means calculated for the circle of St. James's, " ſhould accommodate himſelf accordingly.—

They who would allure this univerſal miſtreſs by the ſpruceneſs of their exterior, may dread leſt the threatening ſhower ſhould damp their ardour; but he, who depending only on the vivacity of his own fancy, and the ſprightly effervescence of his paſſion, dares boldly approach her in a threadbare coat of ruſty ſable, has nothing to dread leſs formidable than an abſolute ſtorm in the centre of a houſeleſs heath.

" Then give me, Nymph! the unbought ſmile,
More ſweet than Grandeur ever knew,
Which gilds the heart, and cheers the toil
Of thoſe who Wiſdom's path purſue.

Yes, Pleaſure! yes—by Wiſdom's ſide
Thou ſhed'ſt thy brighteſt, pureſt ray,
While envious clouds innoxious glide,
Nor interrupt thy genial day:
Nor wilt thou, from thy modeſt throne,
With chilling ſcorn, diſdain to bend
To ſuitors who, to Wealth unknown,
In homely weeds thy train attend.

No:—They, the ſlaves of empty State,
Who wooe thee, Nymph, in gilt array,
Aloof in anti-chambers wait,
Nor e'er thy radiant form ſurvey;

While

While they, with philoſophic air,
Who noiſe, nor ſhew, nor faſhion heed,
Within, thy partial favours ſhare—
To Virtue's ſons alone decreed.

Then give me, Nymph! the unbought ſmile,
More ſweet than Grandeur ever knew,
Which gilds the heart, and cheers the toil
Of thoſe who Wiſdom's path purſue."

"Why as for an abſolute ſtorm," ſaid Ambulator—reſuming the thread of our diſcourſe, "that, I think, is what we have no reaſon to expect: a little ſummer ſhower or two, is all that I ſhould apprehend from preſent appearances."

Now a little ſummer ſhower, is one of thoſe phenomena to which I am ſo far from having any objection, that nothing, according to my taſte, can more contribute to heighten the charms of rural ſcenery. The coolneſs, and refreſhing fragrance it imparts to the air, the lively verdure it excites through the ſurrounding paſtures, and the additional brightneſs communicated to the variegated

flowers that decorate the hedge-rows, and enamel the ſmiling turf, together with the full chorus that uſually burſts from the feather'd ſongſters of the grove, as the temporary cloud retires, are more than a ſufficient compenſation, to the mind of any being above the order of a petit maitre, for the ſlight inconvenience which the ſhower produces.

THE VERNAL SHOWER.

"IT was in the midſt of this charming aſſociation of vernal phenomena," ſaid I, "that I felt one of the earlieſt inſpirations of the Muſe."

"I was walking ſolitarily acroſs the fields towards Dulwich, upon one of thoſe honorable embaſſies, the qualifications for which

conſtitute a conſiderable part of the education of thoſe who are intended for a certain liberal profeſſion, ſo much concerned in eſtabliſhing the claims of juſtice between man and man, and *compoſing* the diſputes and differences of litigious neighbours.

" The ſky had, during the whole morning, diſplayed the moſt beautiful variety; and the ſun now darting his beams over the clear refulgent azure, now breaking in interrupted majeſty through the ſcattered clouds, enriched, with all the ſweet diverſities of flying ſhadows and returning tints of vivid light, the beautiful ſcenery which the fields and uplands between Camberwell and the place of my deſtination ſo abundantly preſent: among which the diſtant proſpects of Norwood and Sydenham, on the one hand, (with all their varieties of heaths, and tufted vales, and foreſt mantled hills), and on the other the charming views, commanded through arboreſcent avenues, of the ſpreading metropolis, with the fine Attic cupola of Saint Paul's,

and the Gothic turrets of Weſtminſter-Abbey, muſt not be forgotten. Of this laſt object, in particular, we have hence by far the fineſt and moſt perfect view commanded in any of the bird's-eye proſpects from the ſurrounding hills.

" In ſhort, ſuch was the complacency of mind with which I expatiated on every ſurrounding object, that it ſeemed as though nothing could have added to the fulneſs of tranquil delight that occupied my imagination. But juſt as I was ſauntering down the hill, along a beaten path, towards the village, and admiring the yet green corn ſpreading to the right and to the left, my meditations were unexpectedly interrupted—or rather aſſiſted, by one of thoſe drizzling ſhowers, whoſe cheering drops, glittering in the half-obſcured ſun, ſuggeſt to Fancy's eye the allegorical repreſentation of the benevolent Seaſon ſhowering its moſt ineſtimable gems into the lap of delighted Nature.

" The

" The whole face of the univerſe inſtantly ſmiled more glorious; and every ſenſe was regaled with additional delight; and while the dripping foliage of the adjacent trees glittered in the reflected ſun-beams, the ſong of the woodlands was ſo far from being ſilenced by the ſhower, even while it laſted, that it filled all the air with improving melody.

" But that which particularly rivetted my attention, was the wild ſhrill ſtrain of an aſpiring lark, who higher that the ken could pierce, and perhaps above the miſty cloud that was ſprinkling its refreſhing coolneſs around me, trilled forth ſo long, and ſo ſweet a ſucceſſion of variegated notes, as I think I have never heard, either before or ſince, from this frequent inſpirer of my lyric Muſe.

" I ſlackened my pace, I turned, again and again, to every point of the compaſs, that I might catch every charm of the ſurrounding landſcape. Then ſtraying ſlowly and unwillingly, with many a pauſe, liſtening,

with

with ſweet enthuſiaſm, to the high-poiſed ſongſter, I arrived, at length, at the place of my deſignation, time enough to learn that the poor unfortunate old man, to whom my unwelcome embaſſy was addreſſed, had juſt departed from his home.

" This was the third journey I had made, to no purpoſe, upon a trifling affair, which *a man of parts in his profeſſion* would have had *addreſs*—to wit, *diſſimulation*, enough to have executed with eaſe upon the firſt: for ſo totally unſuſpicious were the family of the poor debtor at my firſt appearance, that they preſſed me, with all the generous ardour of hoſpitality, to ſet down with them to the breakfaſt table, alledging, that they knew he would be at home again in half an hour. So that I had nothing to do but to eat of the poor man's bread, and to drink of his cup, and enjoy, with hypocritical countenance, the friendly converſation of his deareſt attachments, and I might have ſecured the opportunity of making ſuch a return of gratitude,

as

as ninety-nine out of an hundred of all the attornies in England would have thought worthy of the higheſt commendation.

" But, inconceivable as it may appear to gentlemen of this deſcription, my heart ſmote me at the bare idea: the whole ſyſtem of intellectual nature ſeemed to revolt within me: and though half the attractions of the little blooming maiden, who with all the unſuſpicious innocence of youth, placed me a chair, and repeated the invitations of her mother, would have been ſufficient, on any other occaſion, to rivet me on the ſpot, I made an awkward apology, told them I would call again, and retreated with a degree of confuſion, which nothing leſs than the conſciouſneſs of perpetrated guilt could poſſibly have increaſed.

" Good, artleſs, hoſpitable family! ſaid I, as I hurried back to the fields to indulge in privacy the ſtarting tear—Ye little, ſmiling, unſuſpecting cherubs! and thou ſweet

ſweet bloſſom of expanding beauty (for the intereſting form of Anna had touched my heart) how little do ye ſuſpect the ruin that is perhaps impending!"

But, my embarraſſment had rouſed ſuſpicion. The huſband, when I returned, had departed for the day; the deportment of the wife was become diſtant and abrupt; and even the charming little Anna, lovely in the midſt of her confuſion, ſeemed to bluſh as much with anger, as with modeſty.—Yet my heart was innocent of offence; nor would I have blighted with the dews of ſorrow the unfolding roſe of her ſimple lovelineſs, for all that the ſpoils of legal oppreſſion could furniſh.

LEGAL CONSISTENCIES.

THE reader may probably hear more of little Anna hereafter; and in the mean time he will not be ſorry to be informed that as all my expeditions were equally unſucceſsful, the poor man had an opportunity of ſettling his little debt without the aſſiſtance of the law: a circumſtance agreeable enough to himſelf and family, who might otherwiſe have been irretrievably ruined; but not equally fortunate for his * the * of **, the patriotic * ** **, and ſome other exalted characters, equally honourable and equally uſeful to ſociety, who loſt thereby ſome of thoſe fees and emoluments which the *Swiniſh Multitude*, who are *guilty of Debt and Poverty*, are juſtly doomed to pay for the ſupport of their *benignant ſplendor*.

Yes, Britons! it is but juſt that thoſe illuſtrious characters who derive their *hereditary wiſdom* and *hereditary virtues* from the intrigues of *Gallic Courtezans*, and the amours of *Theatrical Proſtitutes*; yea, and the heirs apparent of thoſe ſagacious luminaries of *political ſcience*, to whom we are indebted for the important diſcovery that *Truth is a Libel*, and a long train of amiable and active members of the community who have equal claims to national gratitude, ſhould accumulate ſalutary burthens, for the better ſupport of their ſacred dignity, on the ſhoulders of *litigious* ſuitors in the Courts of Kings Bench, Chancery, and Common Pleas; and if you have the preſumption to *print* one ſentence to the contrary, the learned Advocate of a virtuous Adminiſtration ſhall proſecute you for the *audacious Libel*:—nay, if you dare but *ſpeak* one word of diſcontent or doubt within the boundaries of a certain *ſapient* commercial Corporation, the *ſteady* and *conſiſtent* Chief Magiſtrate ſhall atone for the *patriotic* errors of his youth, by planting

ing conſtables at your door, to keep you out of your own caſtle.

To be ſerious. The expence of litigation has long, and juſtly, been an object of complaint. But the fees to practitioners do not, in fact, conſtitute the real oppreſſion. It would ſtagger all belief, were it to be fully ſtated, how conſiderable a part of the taxed coſts have been paid out of the practitioner's pocket, to *nominal* officers, to ſupport the *** of *** and ****, and increaſe the ***** of an ***** ! ! !

Nor does the evil end here. The *equal ſpirit* of the Engliſh law, and the conſtant attention of our government to *proportionate taxation*, have wiſely determined that the quantum of *alms* paid to theſe honourable characters by the ſuitor for forty ſhillings, and for ten thouſand pounds, ſhould be the ſame: and as there is a conſiderable difference between the *actual* and *recovered* coſts, if a labouring man, or a little

tradeſman ſhould have fifty or a hundred pounds due to him in ſmall debts of forty or fifty ſhillings, and ſhould ſeek redreſs according to the laws of the land, he muſt be inevitably ruined by the extra charges which his attorney has a right to claim, although he ſhould recover a verdict in every individual inſtance. And yet a learned authority has ventured to affirm that *the law of England is equally open to the rich and to the poor.* And ſo it is.—— *Facilis* (to adopt a hackneyed quotation)

Facilis deſcenſus Avarni:
Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis.

"The gates of hell are open night and day:
"Smooth the deſcent, and eaſy is the way."

But the misfortune is, that while the former, who ſues for thouſands, obtains redreſs, the latter, who ſues for trifles, is ruined.

THE

THE SONNET.

BUT to return to our converſation. "In ſhort, my friend," continued I, "though I was perfectly aware of the charge of ſtupidity that would be thundered againſt me, yet as I knew very well that the talents requiſite for a retainer of the muſes and of the courts of law, were of a very different nature, and as I would always rather have moved in the ſecond rank of the former, with no other wealth than a ſoul that diſdained to ſubſiſt by the chicanery of oppreſſion, and the legal plunder of dilatory juſtice, than to have rivalled, in haughty affluence, the proudeſt of the latter who ever ſwelled to ſudden and unaccountable opulence, rolled to Eltham in his gaudy chariot, or purchaſed (for the *patriotic love of Juſtice!*) the under ſheriffalty of the city of London, I conſoled

myſelf for the expected obloquy by ſtopping, on my return, at the entrance of the corn-field, and compoſing, as I reſted on the ſtile, the following ſonnet

TO THE LARK.

" Hail lofty Pindar of the feather'd choir!
Whether at Heaven's bleſt gate, on mattin wing,
Soaring thou warbleſt, when young Maï firſt
Pours forth the gay luxuriance of her dies,
And hill and valley ſmile with ſudden bloom.—

" Whether blithe ſoaring o'er the waving field,
Where bounteous Ceres pours forth all her ſtore,
Veiling glad Nature's form in living gold,
Thy pipe, unfailing, roves through every change,
Lofty or ſoft, of melody divine.—

" Or whether, 'ſcaping from the fatal tube,
What time the plunder'd ſtubble duſky mourns,
Still, Attic ſongſter! to the liſtning ſoul
Thy ſtrain ſhall warble gratitude and love!"

" I am happy," ſaid Ambulator, " you ſo ſoon relieved me from the dread which the *name* of your little poem had excited, of having my ear tortured by the quaint recur-

recurrence of the ſame tedious rhymes. I muſt own I conſider the SONNET as the only ſpecies of affected verſification retained in uſe among us; and I cannot but lament the growing popularity of a kind of poetry ſo little congenial with the genius of our language."

"And yet we have ſome very beautiful compoſitions in this ſtile, of which," ſaid I, "we may venture to prophecy, the Engliſh language will never ceaſe to be proud: —The elegiac ſonnets I mean of Charlotte Smyth."

"True, but they are condemned, you know, by the critics as illegitimate: though, according to my opinion, they owe much of their beauty to the glorious crime—if ſuch it be to burſt the unnatural fetters of arbitrary authority, and exert the free-born energies of the ſoul.—For my own part, I only lament that this Philomela of the Muſe's grove has not been more

more frequent in her tranſgreſſions; and I dare appeal to any perſon of real taſte and feeling whether ſome of her latter compoſitions, in which ſhe has ſubjugated her fancy to the pedantic laws of criticiſm, have not loſt by that means a part of their touching excellence."*

"But ſurely," replied I, "you will allow that there are ſome advantages in confining theſe little compoſitions, which conſiſt of a ſingle thought, within a particular compaſs, as it reſtrains the indulgence of a propenſity, too often fatal to poetic genius, that of amplifying an idea to ſatiety."

"I wiſh," rejoined my friend, "the *reaſon* were never forgotten in the *practice*. But it is evident that many writers dilate their thoughts for the mere purpoſe of ſwelling them to the given bulk of fourteen lines. There are few in whoſe hands

* For a further criticiſm on theſe unrivalled little poems, ſee the appendix.

an

an individual thought does not loſe ſome of its grace and energy before it is ſo far extended. Be this as it will, I diſlike the quaint formality of the legitimate ſonnet; and as the couplet (which is too ſtately in its march for theſe playful excurſions) would not be found more graceful, I ſee, for my own part, no choice for the ſonnet writer, but between blank verſe and the elegiac ſtanza."

BERMONDSEY.

BERMONDSEY church-yard, to which we were now arrived, has perhaps the leaſt pictureſque beauty to boaſt, of any one in the environs of London. The graves are ſcattered in the utmoſt diſorder, and not an yew tree ſpreads over them its funereal ſhade, nor a blade of graſs, ſcarcely, mantles

tles the dreary ſoil. So that if it can afford any ſatisfaction to the dead (as the elegiac poets would lead one to ſuppoſe) to have "the green turf lie lightly on the breaſt," one would never wiſh to be buried in Bermondſey church yard. In ſhort, nothing but proſpects of diſguſt, to the eye of any one but an antiquarian, are to be met with in this miſerable part of the town: though the ſeveral ruinous remains, patched with brick work and plaſter, to yield a miſerable ſhelter for the labourers and mechanics who adminiſter to the luxuries of this gay metropolis, ſufficiently ſhew that it was once a place of ſome ſtrength and importance: a ſtately portion, perhaps, of the ancient ſeat of British empire; it being a fact well known to the antiquaries that the original London ſtood on this ſide of the Thames.

THE ROAD.

HAVING left Bermondſey and its antiquities behind us, we might now deem ourſelves out of that huge chaos of towns and villages, generally huddled together in the common appellation of London; and while contemplating the diſtant proſpect of green-ſwelling hills, that rushed immediately upon our view, and enjoying the enfranchiſement of viſion from the dull captivity of brick walls and ſquare panes of glaſs, we were not a little pleaſed to obſerve the road ſo free from duſt, and all the concomitant inconveniences ſo hoſtile to the eyes and feet of the pedeſtrian.

In short, we found more reaſons to be ſatisfied with the ſtate of the weather than had

had at firſt occurred to us: for (whatever may be the taſte of thoſe *lovers of gentle exerciſe*, who, like the deities of ancient Greece, or the ſpectres of modern Caledonia, perform their evolutions, "Smooth "gliding without ſtep," or *enjoy the fragrancy of country air*, according to the quaint deſcription of my brother Simon, shut up in glaſs caſes, with varniſhed covers over their heads, like preparations of ſtuffed monſters in the cabinet of the natural hiſtorian), the cool ſober veil occaſionally curtaining the horizon, will be found quite as agreeable to thoſe philoſophers whoſe rambles are performed by the mere friction of their joints, and the vulgar exertion of muſcular fibre, as all the glories of the noon-tide azure, with its ſplendid accompaniments of *clouds of duſt and unmitigated ſun-beams*.

THE

THE COTTAGES.

HAVING turned into a foot-path leading acroſs ſome fields, we arrived preſently in ſight of a little wooden pile, of neat but ſimple architecture, pleaſantly ſituated on the margin of a brook, and in the eye of one of thoſe well-built and well-proportioned edifices with which the correct taſte of city Opulence loves to hedge in the duſty roads that environ the metropolis.

This ſimple little pile might, by its appearance, have been originally built for a lactarium, (a place of ſalubrious refreſhment I am ſorry to ſee baniſhed from the neighbourhood of our extending capital); but it is now divided into three or four

decent cottages, which, though conſiſting of no more than two ſmall cabins each, are nevertheleſs healthy, from their ſituation, and large enough for felicity, if Innocence and Good-humour dwell but under their lowly roofs.

What needs the lofty-vaulted dome,
Where Grandeur draws the breath of pride;
Or ſpacious grove's exotic gloom,
Where labour'd ſtreams are taught to glide?

What needs the ſplendid couch of ſtate?
Its ſilken hangings? beds of down?
Or piles of herald-ſculptur'd plate,
That oft the waſteful table crown?

On his hard palate ſtretch'd, at eve,
See labour's opiate lull the ſwain!
Or ſee him pleas'd, at noon, receive
With grateful heart, his viands plain!

What is it, then,——Ye great ones ſay——
Your oſtentation would impart,
That may not gild the ruſtic day,
And cheer the peaſant's honeſt heart?

Is't Health (her cheeks with roſes ſpread)?
Or Joy that gilds the favour'd mind?
Lo! theſe, beneath the lowlieſt ſhed,
The honeſt ruſtic knows to find!

His

His narrow cabins not exclude
The gueſt your ſpacious chambers woo;
Nor homely walls, however rude,
Shut beauteous ſplendor from his view:

For, wafted on the zephyr's wing,
Free thro' his open caſement glides
The roſy nymph, while perfum'd Spring
Around in cheerful pomp preſides.

And, as for bliſs! —What is it? Say——
Ye who the palm of knowledge claim——
If e'er with man 'twere known to ſtray:
What is't but Virtue's other name?

It may, perhaps, be ſuppoſed that the fields we were now traverſing are but little calculated to inſpire ſuch reflections; and the wits and critics may be inclined to think a Bermondſey paſtoral no improper mark for the ſhafts of their ridicule. But he is neither fit for the ſphere of Parnaſſus nor of the world, who cannot "parcel "imperfections with his thoughts," and give to every object ſomething more of beauty or excellence than it intrinſically poſſeſſes in the eye of critical enquiry. Beſides, this outlet of the town having

been leſs the object of extenſion and improvement than the other environs, the ſcenery around retains more of the *ruſtic* than any I remember ſo cloſe to the metropolis. And though Simplicity and rural Innocence may have little connection with this part of the world, I can never help admiring the neglected neighbourhood, where decent Poverty may find ſo many comfortable retreats, be hid from gazing ſcorn, and enjoy a purer gale than the choaked city can afford.

Far, far away, ye little homely ſheds!
Far from this period be the baneful hour
When proud Improvement thro' the region ſpreads,
Builds o'er each ſpot, and fells each ruſtic bower!

Here ſtill may honeſt Induſtry retreat,
Here Poverty ſtill breathe the untainted gale,
The rude ear liſten to the carol ſweet,
And join the ſtrain the vernal year to hail!

Here may the lark (for here the lark ſtill ſings)
And Philomel (for Philomel is here———
And oft what time her plaint of ſorrow rings
Thro' the lone ſhrubbery, ſoothes my penſive ear.)

Here

Here may the lark, and Philomela's ſtrain,
(Joy's gayeſt note and ſorrow's ſweeteſt flow!)
One rouſe to labour ſtill the lowly ſwain,
One ſoothe till ſlumber ſteeps his weary brow.

Nor let refining Grandeur grudge this ſpot—
This nook obſcure to Indigence and Toil,
Where humbly bowing to their abject lot,
Health yet may cheer them with her blooming ſmile!

It has been, I know, very much the faſhion of late to cry out againſt theſe little habitations (eſpecially when they preſume to approach more ſtately buildings) as nuiſances to the neighbourhoods in which they ſtand. And not among the leaſt cruel of the practices by which the higher orders of ſociety among us wantonly, and with impunity, oppreſs the poor, is the modern tyranny of exterminating, from the vicinity of each proud manſion, the inhabitants of theſe humble ſheds.

If a GENTLEMAN (for ſuch is the title with which we perverſely dignify every two legged being whom fortune has elevated above the common feelings of hu-

manity) purchaſes a ſmall eſtate, or takes a leaſe of any antiquated manſion, almoſt the firſt ſtep he takes towards accompliſhing his projected improvements, is to level the ſurrounding cottages to the ground, and drive the wretched inhabitants from the ſpot, dear to them, perhaps, from the remembrance of their own infantile ſports, or from the comforts it has afforded to their little families.

But the ſlaviſh maxims of the age have forbidden a tongue to the attachments or the neceſſities of the poor; or if heart-felt anguiſh ſhould ſometimes force a murmur, Grandeur and Opulence have no leiſure for their complaints. The imperious lord is not content with his own ſuperiority: he envies the poor peaſant (by the ſweat of whoſe brow he eats) even the wretched offal of his own induſtry. Air and the cheerful verdure of the field are luxuries too great for Poverty: or, perhaps, his *tender feelings* cannot endure the ſight

ſight of ſuch wretchedneſs; and he finds extermination leſs expenſive than relief.

Whatever be the cauſe, the poor inhabitant is driven from his cottage, from his little garden, and his bubbling ſpring, to ſeek, perhaps, a miſerable habitation within the ſmoky confines of ſome increaſing town; where, among narrow lanes, houſe crowding upon houſe, and every floor, every room containing its ſeparate family, he is doomed to ſee the once cleanly partner of his joys and cares, who had uſed by her induſtry to aſſiſt his own, compelled to dedicate her whole inceſſant labour to fruitleſs efforts for the preſervation of a ſufficient degree of cleanlineſs in her family to prevent the contagious approaches of diſeaſe:—he is doomed, in all probability, to behold thoſe infants who, with health and cheerfulneſs painted on their cheeks, could ſtretch their little limbs in harmleſs gambols among the field-flowers with which they loved to decorate their ſun-burnt boſoms, now droop-

drooping and inactive, confined within a narrow ſmoky room, and tied, perhaps, (for dread of accident) to a chair; there to languiſh into decrepitude, leaning the palid, waſted cheek upon the ſhoulder, till friendly death relieves them from the gloomy proſpect of helpleſs manhood.

Shame upon thee, unfeeling grandeur! If the ſpreading branches of thy pride afford not ſhelter to the lowly, uſeful ſhrubs that ſpring by nature round thee, what is thy worth to man? If thy *fruitleſs* boughs ſpread deſolation o'er the tract they cover, Reaſon cries out to fell thee to the earth. Be wiſe, then, learn humanity in time, before the indignation of mankind (whoſe patience, like his powers, is limited) lay the keen axe to the root, and exclaim, with uplifted arm——

"WHY CUMBERETH IT THE GROUND?"

Such are the reflections that have repeatedly agitated my mind, as I have ram-

rambled beſide theſe little cottages; and I now obſerved, with no ſmall ſatisfaction, by the pleaſure beaming in my friend's countenance, that they were not without their charms to him.

"Ha!" exclaimed he—ſtopping ſhort at the little ruſtic bridge that croſſes the brook by which the gardens of theſe humble cottages are watered—"Ha!" repeated he, looking round with a ſmile of complacency, "what a pleaſing little ſcene! And ſo near to London! What a charming object muſt theſe little cottages form from yonder manſion!"

"And yet," ſaid I, "the maſter of that manſion may be dreaming, at this very hour, of ſome project to level them with the ground.

"Charming!—No, no, my friend! when once monopolizing luxury has arrived to the height at which we now behold it, nothing has any charms in the eyes of thoſe who

who riot in the abundance for which others ſtarve, but what reflects upon their habitations ſomething like correſponding grandeur.

"Cottages, my friend! in the preſent day, are conſidered as the warts of the landſcape, which faſtidious opulence is ever anxious to burn away.

"And in the age of ſentiment, too!—Taſteleſs depravity!

"Can any thing more enrich or beautify a ſcene? Or, rather, can any ſcenery be complete without them?

"Independent of the pleaſure which the wealthy might derive from encouraging the induſtry, relieving the occaſional diſtreſſes, and contributing to the comfort and decency of the poor inhabitants of adjacent cottages;—or, above all, from providing, at a ſmall expence, for the cultivation of the minds of that ſwarm of children

children which ſuch little habitations generally pour forth—the ſtate-predeſtined heirs of almoſt ſavage ignorance!——Independent of theſe conſiderations, upon which the divine (could he but awhile forget his own abject dependence upon flattered greatneſs) might ſo properly expatiate—can any thing form a more delightful contraſt to the ſtately pile whoſe ornamented pillars are hewn from the coſtly treaſures of the quarry, the ſurrounding groves, the ſpacious walks, the laboured ſtream, the Attic temple, and the decorating ſtatue, and all the ſplendid works of taſte and magnificence, than the humble thatch, covered, perhaps, by the mantling vine, the little caſement, the ruſtic wicket, and the fence of goſs or ozier that ſecures a few pot-herbs from invading cattle? Can any thing more enliven the ſcene than the pranks of ruddy infants, poured from beneath the lowly roof? the whiſtle of the honeſt huſbandman, trudging cheerfully to his toil at morn? or his plodding gait, at evening, when, wearied with his daily taſk,

taſk, propping his ſteps upon the crooked ſtaff, ſnatched promiſcuouſly from the adjacent thicket, he returns contentedly home, and ſmiles to ſee the little column of ſmoke circling from his chimney, which betokens the preparation for his homely repaſt?

But purſe-proud Grandeur is not without a plea for its inſenſibility: and ſtern-browed Juſtice, armed with her two edged ſword, but robbed of her equal balance, is brought forward to be the executioner of wanton Tyranny.

"*Theſe cottagers*, we are told, *are thieves, and he, therefore, who routs the greateſt number of them away, is conſequently the beſt friend to the neighbourhood*:—That is to ſay, to the gentry of the *neighbourhood*: for though the poor and common people may outnumber theſe *gentry* ten to one, yet theſe are no more to be taken into the account when any *thing* with a bit of ſilk about it talks of *neighbourhood*, than the hedges that fence

fence the fields, or the ſtones and gravel that compoſe the road.

"And are they thieves, then?—Are theſe poor wretches thieves?

"Shame on their diſhoneſty! rude and untutored as they are!—deprcſſed, neglected, purpoſely confined in ignorance!—Shame on their diſhoneſty!

"While *Placemen* and the *tools of Placemen* plunder the realm by wholeſale, and with the profits of their rapine, purchaſe of pretended repreſentatives the permiſſion to plunder us ſtill more: and enſlave us—rob us of the liberty of reaſoning into the bargain!—Shame on theſe low-born, half-ſtarved cottage wretches!—While mighty ****s, and deſcendants from the baſtard blood of ****s, rob us by L****rs P****t—ſuffer not a coal to blaze within our grates, or an action to be brought for the recovery of a juſt debt, till they have levied contribution upon us!—ſhall low

plebeians,—vulgar, baſe born hinds, born in the pale of matrimonial beggary, dare to violate the ſacred fences of their maſters? —and when the ſharp biting winter freezes their joints, and the ſcanty earnings of their induſtry will ſcarcely furniſh them with ſo much food as may keep life and ſoul together, ſhall they preſume to ſnatch a wretched ſtake from him who wallows in indulgence, to make a little fire in their crazy cabbins, that they may not retire with joints quite benumbed to the poorly-covered bed?

"But the language of the ſatyriſt breathes but too correctly the active ſentiment of mankind.

"Beggars of every age and nation,
"Are rogues and fools from ſituation;
"The rich and great are underſtood
"To be of courſe both wiſe and good."

CHURCHILL.

REWARDS OF USEFUL INDUSTRY.

"BELIEVE me this picture of oppreſſion is by no means exaggerated. Heaven and the provinces of Britain bear me witneſs, there are many of the induſtrious poor, in this rich and flouriſhing country, whoſe utmoſt exertions, during the winter ſeaſon, cannot procure for themſelves and families, above five or ſix ſhillings a week —There are numbers of poor women, even in provincial towns and cities, who drag out the whole period of their exiſtence, without intermiſſion, over a wheel, and are obliged, every morning of their lives, to earn their ſolitary penny, and take their work to their employer, before they can eat a breakfaſt; and ſo on, through life, for each ſucceſſive meal.

"Nay,

"Nay, to ſo wretched a condition were the inhabitants of a particular diſtrict in North Wiltſhire reduced, during the long continuance of ſevere weather a few winters ago, that a whole village was in the utmoſt danger of ſtarving, had not a wealthy farmer humanely given up his extenſive fields of ſheep turnips, upon which the poor wretches for awhile ſubſiſted.—Shame! ſhame upon ſuch wretches! how dare they to rob?"

"Humanity, indeed! replies Ambulator, with ſomething between a ſneer and a ſmile. "You know I am not very apt to be cenſorious; nor would I willingly, without a proper object for my ſecurity, ſtrip a good action of its gloſſing outſide to ſhew the deformity of a lurking motive: but you muſt pardon me: I know a little of the humane feelings of a monopolizing farmer towards the poor wretches who ſurround, and occaſionally work upon his farm.

"While

"While lands were rented out in ſmall proportions, indeed, the maſter and the labourer were near enough to a level to ſympathiſe in each other's misfortunes; and the reciprocity of kindneſs might be rationally expected; but now that one opulent individual (a farmer, perhaps, in nothing but the employment of his capital) graſps whole diſtricts in one concern, policy may ſometimes dictate relief, but humanity, my friend! is reſerved for his family and co-equals.

"Your benevolent farmer, perhaps, rented almoſt the whole pariſh, and conſequently muſt have borne the incumbrance had theſe poor wretches become chargeable to the workhouſe. By letting his humanity, therefore, diſpoſe of his ſheep-turnips, he, in fact, took them to a good market, and ſheltered himſelf, by his *generoſity*, from a heavier contribution.

"The ſyſtem, my friend! the ſyſtem is alone to blame, which throws every advan-

tage into the hands of the wealthy few, at the expence of the entire depreſſion of the many. This it is that cauſes the diſtreſs: and the humanity of ſending our fellow-creatures to graze in herds upon ſheep-turnips is but the ſecondary effect.

" But we are told by thoſe who digeſt the plenteous meal with generous port or claret, that 'every thing goes well with us,' and that 'we want no reformation.'

" And yet had every man—tell me ye caſuiſts in political humanity—had every man the weight proportioned to his *real* importance in the ſtate—were *freemen* freely repreſented—had every one who has an *intereſt*, a *voice* alſo in the repreſentation, would the *moſt important* part of the community be thus neglected and deſpiſed? Would not thoſe, on the contrary, who on each returning or alternate year ſhould feel the importance of every peaſant's voice, be neceſſarily prompted to favour ſuch regulations as ſhould reſcue this depreſſed

preſſed and deſpiſed order of our brethren from the mortifying neceſſity of ſoliciting, as a favour, their ſhare of the common banquet with the beaſts of the field."

"Huſh! huſh! my friend!" exclaimed I, "ſuppreſs this freedom of ſpeech, and remember

THE ASSOCIATION!

"The fervors of patriotic humanity, and the confidence of friendſhip muſt no longer be indulged, ſince confederated placemen invite us to turn informers."

THE ELDER TREE.

"PRAY," ſays Ambulator, after a long pauſe, as we were paſſing a neat looking houſe, pleaſantly embowered with laylocks and

and elders, "what is your opinion of the elder tree? Is it not ſtrange, conſidering its beauty and utility, that it is held in ſo little eſtimation?"

"I am really of that opinion," replied I. "For its colour is perhaps one of the moſt pleaſant of the whole claſs of arboreſcent greens: in ſpring it delights us with the luxuriance of its ſnowy bloſſoms, and in autumn its purple cluſters throw a deep pictureſque ſhadow over the clumps in which it is planted, which gives an additional variety to the rich diverſities of hue natural to the foliage of that ſeaſon. Nor will gratitude for the bounties of nature permit us, when this ſubject is on the carpet, to forget the excellent beverage which the houſewife knows how to draw from theſe humble berries; and whoſe cheering warmth has ſo often, in my infant years, given charms to the hilarity of a Chriſtmas night.

"Pardon

" Pardon the digreſſion, my friend! but, methinks, I ſee the long-ſcattered family once more aſſembled round the ſocial hearth. The grave gives up its dead to my fond imagination, and the wings of time have ſloped a backward courſe of twenty years; and again, while infant expectation beams in my own and each fraternal eye, the little knot of friends (the failure of whoſe periodical viſits would have changed a feſtival into a day of mourning) paſs round the good-natured jeſt, recal the ſports and paſtimes of *their* youth, or look forward to the proſpects and hopes of our diſtant manhood. I ſee, in the mean time, the aſſiduous houſewife, boaſtful, like the Vicar's Dame, of the ſtrength and flavour of her liquor, pouring to each the reeking ſpicy goblet:—I ſee the kind attentions—I hear the good-humoured repartees—I feel again the fond embrace of a father, who juſt lived long enough for me to know his worth, and left me young enough to have every reaſon that a ſon could have to lament a parent's loſs.

" And

"And thou, too, poor Belmour! poor maniac victim of a father's tyranny—thou, too, wert often a ſharer of the ſcene—a chearful partaker of all my childiſh tranſports: and little did I think, while enjoying thy miſchievous vivacity, that thou, of all the gay companions of my youth, ſhouldſt have preſented the heart-rending monument of woe with which my feelings have ſo recently been wounded."

THE SKY.

IN this kind of converſation did we haſten along a road, which had nothing in itſelf to challenge our attention, or amuſe the length of the way. The horizon, however, began to aſſume ſome of thoſe beauties, which in changeable and cloudy weather are ſo frequent in our

our climate. The ſombre veil that had formerly covered the whole face of heaven was rent aſunder; and ſeveral maſſes of heavy clouds were retiring behind us; while thoſe towards the oppoſite boundary of viſion, ſcattering, as they retired, fretted the blue expanſe with a conſtant ſucceſſion of little variegated waves, like the veins one ſometimes obſerves diffuſed, with beautiful irregularity, through ſome curious ſpecimen of poliſhed marble.

"Let the Italians," ſaid I, "boaſt of their glowing azure, and their cloudleſs ſkies; I cannot, for my part, form any conception that ſuch ſplendid uniformity can deſerve compariſon with the picturesque varieties of a Britiſh horizon; whoſe fogs and miſts, though they ſometimes obſcure the face of day, yet more frequently, ſhifting and curling themſelves into a thouſand gay and fantaſtic ſhapes, preſent, at every ſucceſſive moment, ſome new object of contemplation and delight to the creative eye of Fancy.

But

But the ſcene is changed; and the topographer muſt, for awhile, take place of the ſentimental admirer of pictureſque beauty.

DEPTFORD.

THIS town (originally called Weſt Greenwich,—Deptford, being the name of the hundred in which it ſtands,) has in one reſpect, ſome little claim to peculiarity.

Other places in the neighbourhood of our great turnpike roads, generally diſplay but a dull and unpictureſque appearance by the way ſide; but frequently reward the lover of rural ſcenery, who not ſatisfied with the knowledge to be gained from inn-houſe ſigns and directing poſts, takes the trouble to deviate from the road, that he may

may obſerve their more retired graces. Deptford, however, is a rural beauty, or, to ſpeak more correctly, a Water Nymph, of a leſs coy deſcription; who yields the whole of her charms, ſuch as they are, to the firſt public gaze, and reſerves only diſappointment for thoſe whoſe curioſity may deſire a more intimate acquaintance.

This town is ſituated in the county of Kent, juſt upon the borders of Surrey, into which, indeed, a part of its preſent buildings are extended, and is about four miles from London bridge. It was anciently a place of ſome ariſtocratical diſtinction: having a caſtle in the time of William the Conqueror, in the poſſeſſion of one of the noble captains of that Norman Banditti, who ſwept away our liberties and inſtitutions before them, and left us only a herd of pompous titles in return. Of this, however, any more than of the noted manſion of Saye's court, there are now no veſtiges remaining. In matters of more real importance, however, I mean in point of com-

merce and population, it is of much more conſequence at preſent; having, beſides the royal dock, in the various departments of which above a thouſand men are ſaid to be conſtantly employed, a great number of private dock yards, which muſt give employment to innumerable hands. It has been accordingly, ſo much enlarged within this century, that it was found neceſſary to erect another church, which is a tolerably ſpacious, and, by ſome eſteemed, a handſome building. This approbation is undoubtedly, in ſome degree, due to the internal ſtructure, which conſtitutes an oblong, and, indeed, approaches to a perfect, ſquare; the roof of which is ſupported by ſtrong Attic columns, whoſe Corinthian capitals, together with the ſculptured ornaments of the ceiling, give a degree of relief, of which, upon the whole, it certainly ſtands very much in need: being, like the generality of the labours of modern architecture, rather unpleaſantly heavy. This, in the preſent caſe, ariſes, in ſome meaſure, from the want of a degree of loftineſs pro-

proportionate to the magnitude and apparent ſolidity of the pile: a fault, which is obſervable in ſeveral of our churches; and which ariſes, perhaps, in ſome meaſure, from the real altitude of the pillars, and other parts of the building being diſguiſed by the pews and partitions, which (however they may preſerve inviolate the decent piety of the higher orders of ſociety from the groſs and intruſive mixture of plebeian devotion) deform, in no inconſiderable degree, the internal beauty of edifices of this deſcription. But as our architects are appriſed of this circumſtance, they ought to accommodate their plans accordingly.

Nor does the plain Tuſcan ſhaft of the pillars a little encreaſe the apparent heavineſs of this building; while, at the ſame time it deſtroys the harmony of the whole. The maſſive ſimplicity of the unfluted pillar according but ill with the florid embelliſhment of the acanthus with which it is crowned.

With reſpect to the outſide of this church, heavineſs is a ſtill more preponderating feature; and the projecting ſtratta, dividing the pilaſters at the corners into a variety of ſmall compartments, (a ſpecies of ornament to which our architects ſeem very much attached) to me are perfectly diſguſting.

The ſpire is lofty; and thoſe who are pleaſed with theſe Grecian Gothiciſms, or Gothic Greciiſms, may call it handſome. But, according to my judgment, this ornament, which conſtitutes ſo conſiſtent a part of the Gothic edifice, is ſo little accordant with Attic taſte, that it is wonderful when this latter ſtile of architecture was adopted, that the tower, or cupola, was not univerſally ſubſtituted in its place: eſpecially, as the original purpoſe of this lofty appendage to the ſacerdotal building (the elevation, I ſuppoſe, of the Chriſtian ſymbol) is now forgotten, and the only uſe of theſe coſtly excreſſences is to ſhew us which way the wind blows.

Facing one of the gates of this church-yard is a range of comfortable alms-houſes, belonging to the Trinity-houſe, forming a ſpacious ſquare, in the centre of which is a ſtatue of the principal benefactor, Captain Richard Maples, in the dreſs of the age he lived in (A. D. 1680); and which, in the eye of modern taſte, is ridiculous enough: eſpecially in the article of periwig—whoſe peaked elevation above the head may be rated at four or five inches.

Nothing can be a greater proof of our decline of taſte and good ſenſe in the article of dreſs in theſe ages of modern *improvement*, than that every faſhion of recent periods becomes diſguſting to our eyes as ſoon as it is laid aſide; while the looſe and ſimple draperies of antiquity ſtill continue to delight us, and impreſs with ſatisfaction every beholder, from the fop and the clown, to the man of genuine taſte and underſtanding.

On the inſide of the gateway, to the right hand, is alſo an inſcription informing us, that the inheritance of the land upon which theſe houſes ſtand, was bequeathed by Sir Richard Browne, of Saye's Court, Knight and Baronet, in the year 1672.

There is, alſo, another range of almshouſes belonging to the ſame charitable corporation, which we are informed by the inſcription, were founded in the fifteenth century, for the reception of decayed maſters of ſhips, and their widows; and rebuilt, with the addition of five houſes, making in all, twenty-ſix, in 1782.

Adjoining to theſe is the old church; of the antiquity of which, indeed, no veſtige but the tower is now remaining. The moſt remarkable parts of this ſtructure are the finely executed ſculptures of human ſculls, which, with crowns of laurel embracing them, decorate the gateway of the church yard; and which, indeed, are

are executed with the moſt beautiful and anatomical accuracy.

A DIGRESSION FOR THE ANATOMISTS.

IN the pleaſure, however, with which I contemplated theſe objects, the fine ladies and the *petit maitres* may be ſo far from participating, that I am doubtful whether I ought not to affix a ſmelling bottle at the bottom of the page, to revive their fainting ſpirits; oppreſſed (peradventure) by the bare mention of ſuch hideous objects. For me, however, the terrors and prejudices inculcated by that venerable old lady, my grandmother, are all (like herſelf) forgotten; the *calm philoſophy*,—or, as Mr. Gibbon expreſſes it, the "*cold barbarity*, of the anatomiſt," has ſucceeded in my mind; and

and the various operations of Nature preſent nothing but beauty to my ſenſes;—command my reflections, and awaken my admiration.

Who can behold great Nature's awful face,
Her form majeſtic, and her varied grace;—
See through mid air yon orb refulgent ſtray,
And pour on ſmiling realms the flood of Day;
Or when ſtill Night becalms the penſive ſoul,
See ſilver lamps in countleſs myriads roll;—
Mark heaving Ocean, while his tempeſts roar,
Or the ſlow lapſe ſteals murmuring from the ſhore;—
See Earth's broad boſom, with perennial pride,
With various ſtores her various race provide;
Or mark, while round theſe obvious ſtores ſhe deals,
What ſecret ſtores her verdant robe conceals:—
Who theſe can view?—Nay; who the turf, the flower
That decks the field, or ſcents the mantling bower,—
The ſmalleſt inſect-tenant of the ſpring
That creeps on earth, or buzzes on the wing,
Who can behold—and blind to Reaſon's laws,
Not mount to THEE? thou FIRST ALMIGHTY CAUSE!

But, if bold Science her aſſiſtance lend—
If to her deep receſſes we deſcend—
If there the tome myſterious we explore,
Of *Nature's genuine theologic lore*,
What wider fields of wiſdom and delight
Unfold their beauties to our raviſh'd ſight!
Thro' which, with reverent wonder, we purſue
Creation's courſe, and Heaven's own footſteps view!

It

It may juſtly be obſerved, that the higher we ſoar in theſe contemplations—the more complicated the object of our examination may appear, the more forcibly it proclaims the wiſdom of its Author; and the more irreſiſtibly are we compelled to admire the ſimplicity of operation, on which all true ſublimity depends; and which, in the midſt of variety and apparent complication, never fails to preſent itſelf to the ſcientific eye. This is particularly evident with reſpect to the form and organization of man; the ſublimeſt of all the works of creation with which our ſenſes can have any intercourſe; and offering to the ſtudent of nature the moſt awful, and the moſt beautiful objects of meditation that can poſſibly amuſe his imagination, or employ his ſerious thoughts.

This even the elegant votary of the polite arts will be ready enough to declare; and, as far as the ſtudy is connected with *his* profeſſion, which dwells principally upon the lines and proportions of the

the exterior frame, the world at large will be equally inclined to allow. But the prejudices of mankind, ſtrengthened as they have been, in every age, by the deluſions of ſuperſtition, and the terrors of mortality, have prevented them from aſſenting to the propoſition in its full extent; and nothing but images of horror and deformity are ridiculouſly aſſociated with that enquiry into the laws of human œconomy, which withdraws the beauteous veil that Nature has ſpread around her operations, and lays bare to ſcientific view, the laws and myſteries of her nobleſt workmanſhip.

To the conſideration of one of the moſt important of theſe laws I was now conducted, by contemplating the objects before me: that law, I mean, by which ſhe proportions the ſtrength of any part to the dangers to which it is expoſed; and multiplies the ſecurities around every organ, in proportion to its ſuſceptibility of injury, and its importance to the frame. Of this

we

we have ſtriking inſtances in the three great vital organs (the heart, the brain and the lungs) upon the diſcharge of whoſe functions, and the exiſtence of the moſt perfect harmony between them, depend, not the health and comfort only, but the abſolute vitality of the frame.

See where the heart, life's awful reſervoir!
That pours to every part the vital ſtore,—
Great ſeat of Paſſion, at whoſe proud controul
Or flow, or wild the purple torrents roll———
(Now thrilling quick when, all the ſoul on fire,
Eyes the bright nymph, and pants with warm deſire,
Now creeping ſlowly thro' the ſluggiſh veins
When chilling Fear, or drooping Sorrow reigns)———
This awful power, on whom high heaven conferr'd
Of life's great charge the firſt* important third!———
Timid, and conſcious of her charge, ſhe flies
To pant and flutter far from human eyes;
While the ſoft lungs, in flexile membrane bound,
Like fond maternal wings embrace her round:
And, while the current thro' each channel† ſwells,

Woo

* "*The firſt important third.*" The circulation of the blood being eſſential long before the functions of the lungs or brain are requiſite.

† "*While the current thro' each channel ſwells.*" In the human ſubject, and all the moſt perfect of the quadruped ſpecies,

Woo the freſh zephyrs to their countleſs cells;
And, ere again the impriſon'd gales retire,
Draw from their ſouls the pure electric fire*——
The electric fire the paſſing ſtreams impart
(Life's firſt great mover) to the ſwelling heart.
Should rude diſaſter theſe or that confound,
Life and Life's hope fly rapid from the wound:
Here 'ſcape the currrents whence we life receive,
The zephyrs there by which thoſe currents live.

But theſe to guard from ills that might aſſail,
Spread the ſtrong ribs, their moving coat of mail,
And ſtretch'd around, with ſtrong, but flexile ſweep,
At diſtance due each caſual danger keep.

Nor leſs the brain—fair Reaſon's awful ſtand!
Whoſe ſubtile dictates all the frame command;

Doom'd

ſpecies, the whole maſs of blood paſſes in every circulation through the lungs,

† "*Draw from their ſouls the pure electric fire.*" That the air in paſſing through the lungs, loſes ſome part of its elementary compoſition is evident, becauſe, after it has been reſpired a given number of times, it is no longer fit for its purpoſe of ſuſtaining life; becoming, in fact, leſs and leſs fit for that office at every repeated inſpiration. It is equally evident from the changes taking place in the colour and properties of the blood, in its paſſage through the pulmonary arteries, that ſomething is imbibed from the air. Whether this be certain portions of the electric fluid, contained always in large quantities in the atmoſphere, may, perhaps, be worth enquiry. The author hazards it only as a conjecture ſufficiently probable for the foundation of a poetical alluſion.

Doom'd each important function to ſuſtain;
Myſterious "Lord of Pleaſure and of Pain,"
Of Reaſon, Knowledge, Senſe's varied ſway,
And Fancy's train—fantaſtic, grave, or gay.
Where vibrates ſound, where ſplendid Viſion lives,
Where Taſte—where Smell her eſſence all receives,
And Touch, fine-thrilling, each impreſſion gives!
From this, when injur'd, all tumultuous fly
The wond'rous train of ſudden Sympathy:*
The Lungs, the Heart, their functions each diſclaim;
Dies thro' each Nerve the paralytic frame!

But this to guard, with numerous joints † ſupplied,
Lo! in firm compact, ſwells the creſted pride,
Whoſe lines preſcrib'd the ſpreading evil bound,
When Force or Chance inflicts the dangerous wound.

Thus ſtands erect proud Man's ſuperior race,
Secur'd by cautious Nature's partial grace:

* *From this when injur'd,*" &c. The ſympathy between the Brain, Heart, and Lungs has long engaged the attention of Phyſiologiſts, it being evident, that no injury whatever can be done to the one without the others being immediately affected.

† "*With numerous joints ſupplied,*" &c. The expoſed ſituation of the head, and the importance and ſenſibility of the organ it contains, neceſſarily called for every poſſible precaution; and, accordingly, Nature has not only provided it with bones of ſuch ſtrength as forcibly to reſiſt the violence that may be offered it, but has alſo made a proviſion, by the many ſmall portions into which theſe bones are divided, to prevent ſuch wounds as may be inflicted from eaſily extending to any conſiderable length.

Each vital part, to guard life's ſacred fire,
Arm'd at all points, defies Misfortune's ire.
But, ah! in va'n: for Art, with cruel zeal,
Delves the rent earth, and whets the vengeful ſteel;
Or, with invention's magic powers accurſt,
Bids from wrought tubes th' ignited malice burſt;
Whence, low on Earth the glorious ſtructure lays,
Fall'n in its ſtrength, and ere its hour decays.

TOPOGRAPHY.

DEPTFORD is divided into the upper and the lower town. The road through the former, which is the one we were travelling, lies over a bridge (formerly of ſtone, but rebuilt of later years with brick) which croſſes the Ravenſbourn, a ſmall river ariſing between Hays and Keſton, near the weſtern boundary of this county, and after a courſe of about ten or eleven miles, during which it is repleniſhed with ſeveral ſtill ſmaller ſtreams, emptying itſelf into the

the Thames, between Deptford and Greenwich, exactly facing the Iſle of Dogs. The lower town is ranged on the banks of the Thames; and the road through it conducts to the town of Greenwich, or, as it is uſually called by Topographers, Eaſt Greenwich; and thence to the noted town of Woolwich.

It was hereabouts that the melancholy ingenuity of the bewildered, and unfortunate Belmour (whoſe ſtory, as the reader will hereafter find, repeated accident gave ſo conſiderable a connection with theſe rambles,) eluded my friendly attentions; and as the circumſtance was naturally revived in my mind, by the ſcene with which it was accidentally connected, our converſation immediately turned upon ſuch circumſtances of his hiſtory as at this time had come within my knowledge. Theſe, however, ſcarcely went farther than to ſpecify that an affair of love was the ſource of his misfortunes, and that the final refuſal of his father's conſent to his

nuptials, after being long acquainted with the nature of his attachment, had terminated in the derangement of a mind habituated even to a ſuperſtitious veneration for the paternal mandate.

BLACKHEATH,

TO which we now arrived, and which lies on the ſummit of the hill to the ſouth of Greenwich, is one of thoſe delightful eminences from which the eye diſcovers almoſt every requiſite of pictureſque beauty: for though the foliage of this ſcene does not, at leaſt, in my eyes, exhibit that vivid luxuriancy which diſtinguiſhes the groves and plantations in the little adjoining county of Surrey, yet the abundance of handſome villas and elegant manſions that are ſcattered about it, ſo finely diverſify the home ſcenery, that it is impoſſible to regard

regard it without complacency; and the extenſive proſpects it commands, cannot fail to delight the eye of every one who loves to trace the miſty evaneſcent landſcape till it fades and mingles with the diſtant horizon.

Nor are the beauties of this extenſive ſcenery a little heightened by the fine bird's eye proſpect of London and its environs, whoſe ſpires and majeſtic buildings piercing the ſkies, and, above all, the magnificent dome of St. Paul's, rivet the eye in penſive admiration, and remind one of the power and opulence of the empire, whoſe narrow boundaries (I ſpeak of the natural boundaries of the parent ſtate—the only *profitable* territory of any empire) can maintain the waſte and riotous conſumption of ſo immenſe a capital.

But that which above all enriches the proſpects from this place, and without which indeed no ſcenery can ever be complete, is the water which rolling from the

confines of Glouceſterſhire to the ocean, and having paſſed and beautified the varied proſpects of Oxford, Abingdon, Wallingſord, and Reading; Marlo, Windſor, Hampton-Court, Richmond, and a variety of other ſcenery, in ten different counties, here, in its paſſage to the Nore, diſplays its broad majeſtic tide, burthened with maſted veſſels: thouſands of which, moored in ordered ranks beſide the ſhore, plant the liquid element with aſpiring foreſts; while others, ſpreading their ſwelling canvas to the breeze, haſten towards the ſea—the vaſt high road of univerſal wealth; or, fraught with foreign traffic, fly with the ſtores, and with the *vices* of the Univerſe, to this great mart of luxury and grandeur.

NATIONAL OPULENCE.

YES, it is true, at the ſight of theſe great objects the imagination is apt to become inflated: the big heart of Patriot Pride ſwells in our boſoms; and the deluded mind is filled with nothing but ſplendid images of GRANDEUR, OPULENCE, and POWER!—Fine words, it is true, for which, through the long ſpace of many, many centuries, the peace and happineſs of the world has been diſturbed; Nation has vied with Nation in deſtroying fury; and thouſands—millions of miſerable wretches (who could reap nothing from the ſtruggle but the wounds with which it was maintained) have ſhed their life's blood in the field of ſlaughter. And yet, when properly conſidered, what is their

their import?—What are they but gilded baits, thrown by the artful anglers of Oppreſſion, to catch the gudgeon Popularity, and enſnare the thoughtleſs vulgar to their miſery and ruin?

Oh! that I could once hear ſubſtituted for theſe high ſounding terms (by which the paſſions and prejudices of mankind have ſo long been played upon), the neglected terms HUMANITY! EQUAL JUSTICE! and GENERAL HAPPINESS!

Stateſmen may ſneer, and politicians may conclude me mad: but, for my own part, I cannot help thinking that, as *The Nation*, is but a term by which *all* the inhabitants of a country are collectively perſonified, it is treaſon to the Majeſty of the People—blaſphemy againſt the ſacred names of Humanity and Common Senſe—to talk of any thing as a *National Advantage* by which the *People at Large* are not abſolutely benefited. And I ſhall not ſcruple to avow that if, at any diſtant period, place-

placemen and penſioners ſhould become ſo profligate, that ſome thrice bought and ſold male proſtitute, wallowing in the wealth acquired by the drudgery of half a century to each ſucceſſive adminiſtration, ſhould dare, in open contempt to the impreſcriptible Rights of the oppreſſed and lower orders of the community, to affirm in any pretended Houſe of Repreſentatives, that no reformation ought to take place, while the higher and middle ranks of people (about a tenth part, at moſt, of members of any ſtate) enjoy the one ſo much wealth and honour, and the other ſo many comforts; that ſuch a wretch, inſtead of being permitted to *poiſon the ear of Royalty* with ſuch damned hereſies, would more deſerve the puniſhment of an ignominous exit, than any poor miſerable wretch who ever expiated at Newgate, the crime to which the want of bread might have propelled him.

What then?—If the *many* were not *created* for the *few*, and the *few* to tyrannize over

over the *many*—If the majority of the Nation are not to be conſidered as forming no part of that Nation—If the *moſt uſeful* members of *ſociety* are not to be regarded as unworthy of any *ſocial* conſideration—what can be the meaning of theſe haughty terms?

WEALTH! GRANDEUR! POWER!

The *Wealth* of a Nation, the majority of whoſe members cannot, with their utmoſt labour, procure the common comforts of life, and ſet a joint of meat once a week before their hungry families!

The *Grandeur* of a State, three fourths of whoſe inhabitants are huddled together in wretched ſmoky cabins, or ſhivering through the winter in rags and wretchedneſs!

The *Dignity* of a People, who, to ſupport the ſplendor of a few oppreſſors, graze like beaſts of the field upon ſheep-turnips;

and

and bow to the party-coloured livery of ſervitude as a happy eſcape from the drudgery by which they cannot live ! ! !

As for the *Power* of a State: I believe it is no hard matter to explain the meaning of this expreſſion. Its evident interpretation being the ability of certain State Pageants, in whoſe hands all power is concentrated, to oppreſs and plunder the people at large, whom it is their duty to protect and *ſerve*.

In ſhort, as the dignity and proſperity of a Nation do not, according to modern calculation, conſiſt in the improved condition of the people, but in the childiſh and expenſive ſplendor of courts, in the pride and inſolence of an overgrown nobility, penſioned on the public purſe, and doubling the neceſſary taxation; and, above all, in the accumulation of wealth into a few hands, by which the prices of all commodities, and conſequently the actual poverty and wretchedneſs of the many,

ny, are increaſed—As this is palpably the mode of calculation, it is no affected antitheſis to declare that the flouriſhing grandeur of a Country, is but another term for the depreſſion and miſery of the people; and that to ſpeak of the expenſive luxury and refinements of the age, is but, with cruel irony, to remind us how many myriads are deſtitute of the common requiſites for decency and comfort, and pining in the abſolute want of wholeſome ſuſtenance.

How, then, can the real friend of his ſpecies ſurvey the wide-ſtretching Capital, the fatal monument of growing monoply, or behold, without a ſigh, thoſe fleets which might have bleſſed the Country with an increaſing diſtribution of plenty and felicity, but the channels of whoſe wealth being ſtopped before they could divide themſelves into little ſtreamlets, and communicate a proportion of their bleſſings to the lower orders of the ſtate, have only increaſed

creaſed the real wretchedneſs and poverty of mankind? Let us turn, then, from this overgrown Metropolis, its ſpreading ſtreets and riſing palaces; the trophies, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, of public miſery and oppreſſion; and contemplate the pictureſque home ſcenery with which this garden of a heath abounds.

INSTABILITY OF MAGNIFICENCE.

IN ſhort, Blackheath, though but about a mile in length, and ſomewhere about two in width, is ſo cluſtered with gentlemen's ſeats and other pleaſant edifices, that the minute topographer might ſpend no inconſiderable time in their enumeration and deſcription. I ſhall, however, only mention the manſion of the late Sir Gregory Page, which, though now nothing but

a fragment of the ſhell of its former grandeur, was, but a very few years ago, the admiration of Taſte, and the boaſt of the ſurrounding country.

This magnificent edifice, ſituated on the ſouth-eaſt extremity of the Heath, was built in the modern ſtile, and conſiſted of a baſement, ground and Attic ſtory. The wings, containing the offices and ſtables, were joined to the houſe by a colonnade. It ſtood in the centre of the park, which is not very extenſive, but commands a variety of delightful views. Though this celebrated and very elegant manſion was uncommonly large, it is ſaid, in the metaphorical language of an ingenious Topographer, to have riſen from the ground like an exhalation, being begun and covered in, to the ſurpriſe of every body, in eleven months. The diſpoſition of the grounds and gardens without, and the maſterly paintings, rich hangings, marble buſtos by Ryſbrack, and alto-relievos within this elegant and ſuperb edifice conſiderably

derably attracted the attention of all perſons of genius and taſte. But of theſe there are no longer any veſtiges. As it roſe like an exhalation, like an exhalation it has paſſed away. The reign of its ſplendour was ſhort, and its revolutions ſo rapid, that no one could long enjoy the gratification to his vanity which ſuch a poſſeſſion might be expected to afford; and its ruined walls now ſtand deſerted, a monument of the folly of ſuch unneceſſary ſplendour. It was originally built by Sir Gregory Page, who died the 4th of Auguſt, 1775, and left this ſeat, with an immenſe fortune, to Sir Gregory Turner, of Ambroſden, in Oxfordſhire, on condition of his taking and uſing the name and arms of Page. It afterwards came by marriage into the poſſeſſion of the Right Honourable Sir George Yonge; and was, at one period, inhabited by Lord Thurlow. After this, it paſſed into other hands, and on the 10th of April, 1783, was ſold by auction, together with the park, &c. for 22,550l. to John Cator, Eſq. of Stump's Hill, near Beckenham,

in Kent: which was, in fact, leſs than 8,000l. for the manſion; there being two hundred and eighty acres of land in the paddock and farm belonging to it, and the auctioneer informing Mr. Cator when he bought the eſtate, that as much of this as he choſe to part with, would be repurchaſed at the rate of fifty guineas per acre. A few years after this, the houſe was again ſold for the eſtimated value of the materials, and its demolition is accordingly begun.

Such is the brief hiſtory of an edifice, once deſervedly the admiration of the lovers of taſte and magnificence. But, for my own part, I muſt confeſs, though I am too much an admirer of theſe, to contemplate this pile of ruins without regret, that I paſs by ſuch monuments of the inſtability of Grandeur with much leſs emotion or concern than I behold, as I ſometimes do, the ruins of a little farm houſe, or the much more common ſpectacle of a deſolated cottage. Caprice may level

level with the duſt the pile that Oſtentation has reared; but when the little cabin of Ruſtic Labour is deſerted or overthrown, it muſt be conſidered as the memento of Miſery and Oppreſſion.

Near to the ſame ſpot ſtands Morden College, founded by Sir John Morden, a Turkey Merchant, who died in 1708, and left his whole eſtate in truſt, for the benefit of decayed Turkey Merchants, for the reception of whom he finiſhed this college in his life time.

SHOOTER'S HILL.—TOPOGRAPHICAL DIGRESSIONS.

HAVING ſufficiently indulged our reflections upon theſe objects, we proceeded up the charming eminence of Shooter's Hill, whoſe eaſy and gradual aſcent, com-

pared with the abrupt precipice we had ſo lately left behind us, formed a moſt agreeable contraſt.

Nor here forgets (as cheerful we aſpire,
And ſee below the diſtant town retire)
The friendly Hermes o'er the winding way
His wings and ſage caduces to diſplay.
My gay companion, ſkill'd in Gothic lore,
Opes at each ſtep his topographic ſtore:
What ſcatter'd hamlets catch the diſtant eye,
Or hid in neighbouring thickets viewleſs lie,
Or, half embower'd, o'er waving woods diſplay
The ſpire bright glittering in the morning ray,
Their piles of mouldering ſtate—each founder's name,
Their ſcenes of ancient ſport, or martial fame,
Pleas'd he recounts, while mile ſucceeding mile
Flits light behind, and golden proſpects ſmile.
Chief of the ſcenes that thus to notice throng,
Lo! ancient Eltham claim the varied ſong:——
Eltham whoſe towers, in age's ſtern decay,
And ſmiling woods, in vernal foliage gay,
Late (fond of ſcenes renown'd in times of yore)
My feet eccentric wander'd to explore;
Midſt ivy'd ruins, wrapt in thought, to rove,
And woo the moralizing Muſe I love:
For many a change theſe fallen towers have view'd
O'er which the mournful fancy loves to brood!
And well their mouldering honours may diſplay
The vain parade of Grandeur's fickle ſway.
For here, o'er Gothic Splendour's fallen ſeat,
Where plodding cits erect the ſnug retreat—

Where

Where the tame drudge of ſix ſucceſſive days,
His Sunday's coat and rural taſte diſplays,—
Demure to church, with wig of ſnow parades,
The gaze of clowns and antiquated maids;
Who now, no more of flattering beaux the care,
Hide in theſe ſhades their ſpleen and their deſpair;
With cards and prayer-books ſoothe their wrinkled brows,
And pour at Scandal's ſhrine their frequent vows;—
Yes, here (where grinning Humour hies to ſeek
Her *country gentleman of once a week*,)
Once the proud tyrants of the groaning land
Graſp'd the ſtern ſceptre with enſanguin'd hand;
While haughty Barons, factious, rude, and four,
(At once the props and rivals of their pow'r!)
Throng'd round in gaudy pomp, and daily vied
In ſcenes of riot, inſolence, and pride;
While fierce Oppreſſion, with her iron rod,
Dogg'd at their heels, and waited at their nod.

Ye fallen turrets, now in fragments ſpread,
Or doom'd to patch the ruſtic's humble ſhed!——
Ye rocky fragments of each ruin'd pile
That guarded once the robber and his ſpoil!
Ye, ye could tell (might heaven a voice afford)
Full many a crime of many a ſavage lord,
When thirſt of blood, and violence were fame,
And abject myriads trembled at a name,
Or groan'd deſpis'd in ſlavery's galling chain,
A maſter's boundleſs riot to maintain,
And bled to ſoothe (nor dar'd to deem unjuſt)
His fierce ambition, or his fiercer luſt!
Nor reſts the guilt, that this abhorrence calls,
Within the martial chiefs embattled walls;

For

For holy cheats, the peſts of every clime!
Made heaven itſelf a partner in the crime;
With hopes of eaſy penance urg'd the ſoul
To bolder guilt, and bade the ſtern controul
Of aweful Conſcience vaniſh, and the train
Of fell Remorſe, that rack the wildering brain,
And call the phantom'd furies from the deep
Where Fear and Horror endleſs vigils keep
To haunt diſeas'd Remembrance. Theſe behold
The pious jugglers, for corrupting gold,
With drops of magic dew, and mutter'd ſpell,
Submiſſive conjure to their native cell;
In cloiſter'd walls while heavenly viſions riſe
To cheer with bliſsful hopes the murderer's eyes!

Within yon fane (to prop whoſe ſhapeleſs pile
What diſtant ages lend their pious toil——
Whoſe rude ill-match'd materials ſcarcely ſave
Its mouldering Tombs from one oblivious grave—
But ſtill whoſe reverend arch, of Gothic frame,
To far antiquity aſſerts the claim.)——
Yes, there, perhaps, within yon tottering fane,
The Britiſh purple's moſt deteſted ſtain,
Inhuman John! a trembling ſuppliant ſtood,
His hand ſtill palſied with a nephew's blood,
Till hireling prieſts the ſacred unction pour,
And all his boſom's pious peace reſtore:
While groaning ſubjects, by his crimes undone,
With added burthens for his guilt atone;
And hard-wrung ſubſidies the boon ſupply
That gives him back to Innocence and Joy!

I am

I am not ſure, however, that theſe reflections can be locally attached to the ſcene where, in one of my rambles, they originated; or, that the fact of King John's reſidence at Eltham is by any means aſcertained by the antiquaries. It is true, indeed, that the remains of the palace, ſtill continued to be *dignified* with his name, not by popular tradition only, but in the fine view in aquatinta which has lately been given to the world. But every account that I have had acceſs to, aſſigns it a much more recent date. According to theſe, it was founded by Anthony Beck, Biſhop of Durham, in the reign of that great founder of the preſent ſyſtem of Engliſh juriſprudence, Edward I. and given by that prelate to Eleanor, his queen. His unhappy ſon and ſucceſſor Edward II. whoſe horrid cataſtrophe makes ſo conſpicuous a figure in the annals of royal miſery, was ſo partial to it, as to honour it with his conſtant reſidence, till a laſcivious queen,

an

an ambitious ſon, and a junto of turbulent nobility, removed him to his dungeon and his grave. John of Eltham, the ſecond ſon of this unfortunate monarch (who did not live to be a witneſs of his father's miſeries) was born in this palace; and here, alſo, our boaſted Edward III. the glory of chivalrous enterpriſe, entertained at one time, the Kings of France, of Scotland, and Armenia.

It was likewiſe the reſidence of the weak and unfortunate Henry VI. whenever the contentions conſequent of his diſputed title would give "a time for frighted peace to pant." His ſucceſsful and voluptuous rival, Edward IV. laid out large ſums in repairing the ſtructure; and, among other feſtivities, of which it was, at different times, the ſcene, this royal reveller entertained at one time two thouſand perſons in the great hall,—which now, converted into a farmer's barn, affords an occaſional banquet to rats and owls, and is the ſtore-

houſe

houſe of the beſt wealth of the nation. I know not—and I care not, whether the ſpoilers of mankind may conſider me as a *leveller* for the obſervation; but I freely confeſs, that I ſmiled with ſome degree of exultation, to behold this once oſtentatious ſcene of idle voluptuouſneſs, pride, and uſeleſs ſplendour, converted to the uſeful purpoſe of preſerving thoſe ſtores, by which the humbleſt peaſant, as well as the haughtieſt tyrant, may be benefited and ſuſtained.

Henry VII. beſtowed, in a new and handſome front of ſtone, the *laſt* honours upon this ſtately barn: for after his time the palace of Placenta (ſome account of which I have given in my firſt excurſion) attracted the attention of Royalty; and Eltham becoming neglected, has gradually ſunk to its preſent ſituation.

Some conſiderable fragments of the palace ſtill remain; a part of which is converted into a farm houſe, the reſidence of

Mr.

Mr. Comport, who rents the premiſes of Sir John Shaw, the preſent Lord of the Manor. But the only parts that remain at all entire, are the hall, and the two ſtrong and handſome bridges that croſs the foſs. This foſs is of a conſiderable depth; and its ſloping banks, enamelled with daffodils and primroſes, ſometimes diverſifying the greenſward, and at others breaking through the matted carpet of blue-flowering alehoof, together with the little rippling ſtream that flows tranſparent at the bottom, and the hanging ivy that clings in great luxuriance round the ruined walls, preſent a variety of pleaſing reflections to every one who has a fancy to be amuſed with pictureſque combinations of antiquities and rural nature.

SHOOTER'S HILL.—THE MAUSOLEUM.

THE compariſon of our obſervations on this place was interrupted as we aſcended towards the ſummit of the hill, by an antic-faſhioned caſtle and beautiful Attic temple, which ſwell to the right, out of a fine plantation of natives and ever-greens, and challenge the attention of the traveller.

The ſtrict laws of propriety, it is true, do not admit of this mixture of incongruous objects; and the man of real taſte, will always, in the embelliſhment of his grounds, conceive himſelf bound to have his edifices either all in the Gothic, or all in the Grecian ſtile of architecture—

——with ſome exceptions, perhaps, in particular ſituations, in favour of a piece of ruins, or other venerable relick of antiquity. But the eye (like the other ſenſes) does not always, in the ſuperficial ſurvey it takes of the mixed objects from a public road, wait for the cold approbation of judgment, but will ſometimes venture to be pleaſed in oppoſition to the nice rules of criticiſm. In ſhort, the general verdure of the ſcene is agreeably relieved by theſe edifices; and the dark brickwork of the lofty triangular tower furniſhed a ſtill farther contraſt to the grey walls of flint, and the elegant ſtone columns of the adjacent temple.

As the day was yet young before us, we reſolved to turn out of the road, and take a nearer ſurvey of what we expected to have found to be a remnant only of ſome old family hall, juſt left, as a kind of memorial of its ancient ſite. But we were not a little ſurpriſed on obſerving, as we approached, that the building was entirely modern

modern (excepting in its taſte;) that it was evidently furniſhed in a very handſome manner, and had every appearance of being inhabited; and that inſtead of apparently belonging to any contiguous manſion, we ſhould find it perfectly ſurrounded with a deep ſunk foſs, and fortified with a ſtrong flint wall. To this, the apparent temple ſerves the purpoſe of a porter's lodge. But what uſe there was for this lodge, or how any perſon was to get out or into this enchanted caſtle (for as ſuch it might have been looked upon by any credulous reader of romance) without the kind intervention of flying horſes, or griffins, or chariots of clouds, or ſome ſuch convenient agent, which our modern knights-errant cannot always ſo readily procure as thoſe of antiquity had uſed to do, was a queſtion that conſiderably perplexed us, till we, at laſt, diſcovered on the other ſide of the foſs, between the iron gates and the ground, a kind of moveable floor, between two and three feet in width, apparently ſo conſtructed, that

it might be ſlung ſide-ways acroſs "*the dread abyſs that yawn'd below,*" whenever the garriſon from within, *armed with their beaver hats and caps of gauſe,* were inclined to make a ſally, or a reinforcement of beaux and ſilken Amazons were to be admitted.

Having ſatisfied our obſervation, by encircling the moat, we next proceeded to the gratification of our curioſity, by enquiring of a working man, who came plodding up to us, who it was that lived in this comical houſe. "The comical houſe," ſays the man, "this be'n't the comical houſe, Sir; the comical houſe be in the other road between Deptford and Lewiſham. It be Squire Gibſon that lives in the comical houſe."

Why the houſe of Mr. Gibſon has been called by this fantaſtic name, I know not; for, to me, it appeared, when I ſaw it, a very handſome little manſion. It is entirely

entirely built of ſtone, in a ſtile, though not of the moſt perfect ſimplicity, yet, by no means, of affectation, and it is ſweetly embowered in a plantation, in the laying out of which a conſiderable degree of taſte has been diſplayed; and which is ſo contrived, that though the houſe ſtands almoſt cloſe by the road ſide, it is ſufficiently ſheltered from the duſt, without being concealed from the eye of the paſſenger. In ſhort, the only thing extraordinary I could ever learn about the houſe is, that it was built for Mr. Gibſon, by a friend, who generouſly made him a preſent of it as ſoon as it was finiſhed. A circumſtance, which miſers and uſurers, and all, whoſe ſouls feel only for themſelves, may think comical enough; and which, undoubtedly, was ſufficiently pleaſant both to the giver and the receiver:—For they know but little of friendſhip or benevolence, who can ſuppoſe the gratification is confined to the latter.

If the glad heart of Friendſhip, or the ſoul
Of Merit pining in Misfortune's power
Feel, when from Bounty's hand her bleſſings ſhow'r,
The kindling tranſport thro' the boſom roll——
If theſe, not conſcious of the art to hide
The inward feeling, from the ſpeaking eye
Beam the glad ſmile, or more delighted tear,
Heaven! to what height muſt ſwell the generous tide
Of glowing extaſy!—how the fine joy
Like thy own glorious radiance muſt appear
To decora'e *his* brow, who with the will
Combines the power the wanted bliſs to deal!
Oh! with what joy his conſcious heart muſt thrill!——
Sole joy which human Virtue ne'er can feel
Without the aid of Fortune!—Yet how few
Of thoſe who baſk in her meridian ſmile
Have ſenſe to ſeize this ſole prerogative
Which Wealth and Power can cha'le'ge!—Ah! how few
Prefer to mingling in each ſordid joy,
Which every hind indulges in his way,
The generous luxury that lifts the head
Of pining genius from the abje& duſt,
And ſhews the real ſplendour of their ſtate!

But to return to my dialogue—"Aye! aye! my friend," ſaid I, "I know Mr. Gibſon's very well. But who lives in this houſe?"—"What this'ne; at the top of the hill?" repeats the man.—"The ſame." "Oh! this be'n't a houſe at all," replied he. "This be a caſtle."—"Well then, my

my friend, who lives in this caſtle," ſaid I—a litle exhauſted of my patience: it being a commodity in which I am no very eminent dealer. "Nobody lives in it at all," replied the ruſtic, it be'n't a houſe." "Who does it belong to then?" continued I, quickening and elevating my voice a little: for poor Patience could keep her ground no longer—"Who does it belong to? and what is it called?"—"Oh! as for that," replied my ſluggiſh oracle, ſcratching his head, (a circumſtance of as much ſeeming importance to inſpiration, among certain claſſes of modern reſpondents as ſitting upon the three-legged ſtool was among the prieſteſſes of antiquity.)—"As for that," continued he, delivering his reſponſes with great deliberation,—"it be called Angria's caſtle; and it belongs to Sir William James. It be *the caſtle that was taken in the Eaſt Indies*, when Sir William was Commodore."—And a pretty burthen, thought I, had the veſſel that *brought it over.*

The

The names of Angria, and Sir William James were no ſooner uttered, than Ambulator recollected that this could be no other than the celebrated Mauſoleum, erected to the memory of that officer, by Lady James—the back part of whoſe handſome manſion, we now perceived at a diſtance, among the trees of this extenſive park; the front of it looking upon the Tunbridge road, in the vicinity of Eltham.

This elegant monument at once of affection and of Engliſh glory, is built in exact reſemblance of the fort at Geria, the formidable reſidence of Tullagee Angria, a piratical prince in the neighbourhood of Bombay; who, maintaining a conſiderable number of armed gallies, committed ſuch depredations on the commerce off the coaſt of Malabar, and was proceeding to make ſuch alliances, as to render his ſubjugation a matter of national conſideration to the Engliſh; and Admiral Watſon, and Colonel (afterwards Lord) Clive

ſet

ſet off accordingly in February, 1756, with a conſiderable force, in which Sir William had the honour to ſerve, and having driven the tyrant to flight by the terror of their name, compelled his fortreſs, at laſt, to ſubmit by the thunder of their cannon. Among the priſoners taken in this fort were the mother of Angria, together with his wife and children; concerning whoſe fate hiſtorians relate an anecdote ſo truly honourable to the humanity of Engliſh valour, that it would be an act of injuſtice to omit it.

As ſoon as the victorious commanders entered the apartment of theſe unhappy captives they threw themſelves immediately with their faces to the earth, and poured forth a flood of tears. From this degrading attitude they were immediately raiſed by the humanity of the conquerors, who endeavoured all in their power to conſole them. "Alas!" exclaimed the mother of the Royal Pirate, in a tone of the moſt melting affliction, "the people have

have now no king! I have no longer a ſon! my daughter has no huſband! and theſe poor helpleſs babes no father!" The heart of the gallant admiral was touched. "Look up, then, to me," ſaid he, "as a father and a friend!" Upon which one of the children, a boy of about ſix years old, clung to his hand, and exclaimed, ſobbing with the mixed paſſion of hope and anguiſh, "Then you ſhall be my papa!" Mr. Watſon and his attendants were ſo affected with this pathetic ſcene that the tears trickled down their cheeks while they aſſured the afflicted family of their friendſhip and protection.

SHOOTER'S HILL.—PICTURESQUE SCENERY.

THIS mauſoleum is furniſhed with the moſt ſimple elegance, and the ceilings are enriched with paintings exhibiting the circumſtances of the ſiege; and independent of the elegant tribute it muſt be conſidered as paying to the memory and the renown of a deceaſed huſband, and the embelliſhment it affords to the ſcenery of the park (which would certainly have been more perfect had the lodge been built in a more correſpondent ſtile), it has peculiar advantages, alſo, as a proſpect houſe from the extent, the beauty and variety of ſcenery which it commands.

Not

Not among the leaſt delightful of the objects in this ſcenery muſt be conſidered that huge metropolis, ſtretched, with ſerpentine irregularity, along the winding banks of the river, from the ſmoke and unreliſhed oſtentation of which we had been ſo eager in the morning to eſcape:—So agreeable is it, frequently, to contemplate at a diſtance what, when immediately preſent, it is ſo painful to endure. A fortunate —or, not to ſpeak ſo unthankfully of the diſpenſations of the Firſt Cauſe of all, a benevolent conſtruction this of the human conſtitution, by which our pains, our diſappointments, and our misfortunes, when the hour of ſufferance is paſſed away, andwe are enabled to contemplate them thus from ſome diſtant happy eminence, become the ſources of our amuſement and delight.

Indeed, the town (ſo delightful an object from a variety of ſurrounding eminences) is hence ſurveyed with peculiar advantages; and together with the rich arboreſcent foreground, the winding river, foreſts

foreſts of maſts, and beautiful variety of vernal ſcenery that fills the intermediate ſpace, and the blue hills of Eſſex and Hertfordſhire, that riſe behind it and form the pleaſing boundary of viſion, compoſes a picture which Ambulator, who had long been reſident in the country, imagined nothing could poſſibly ſurpaſs. The Londoner, however, turns with yet encreaſed delight the other way, where objects *leſs familiar*, and conſequently *more attractive* to his imagination preſent themſelves before him. In ſhort, I was fixed in what might not improperly be called the fetters of enchantment, by the beautiful proſpect of the widening Thames, the rich champaign, the villages and villas that lay before me. Not among the leaſt elegant of theſe laſt, nor the leaſt worthy of a more cloſe examination, is the beautiful reſidence of Sir John Boyde, whoſe motto of SIMPLEX MUNDITIUS, ſculptured over the door, is certainly by no means miſapplied. This villa, neatly built with Portland ſtone, and conſiſting of a ſmall but handſome houſe

of two ſtories, with offices projecting to the right and left, connected by a handſome wall of the ſame material, in the form of a creſcent, is ſituated between Welling and Blendon, and will, together with the fine urn adorned with antique emblems of vintage, in the centre of the court yard, and the temple and other ornaments* of the park and gardens, ſufficiently reward the curioſity of the traveller who ſhall turn out of the way to ſurvey it.

* Among theſe ornaments muſt not be forgotten the curious ſculpture, in the tool houſe, of an enormous and diſtorted head, with a wide open mouth, and pair of glaring glaſs eyes, and the following inſcription on the pedeſtal.

ARMENIUS PEREGRINUS, V. C. COSIORTVS.

At the back of this truly laughable buſt, in a medalion, is a figure of a centaur; and the whole appears poſteriorly ſupported by a dog with his back downwards, ſcrambling over a heap of grapes. I profeſs I am not antiquary enough to underſtand all this: but I was idle enough to laugh at it very heartily; which perhaps was quite as well.

SHOOTER'S HILL. — FLIGHTS OF FANCY.

BUT to return to my ſcenery. So delighted was I with this proſpect, and ſuch novelty and variety did it diſplay, that though we ſpent almoſt half an hour at the mauſoleum in pointing out its various attractions, my imagination was ſo far from being ſatiated that when we came to the further brow of the hill I pauſed again to take another ſurvey before we began the deſcent that muſt neceſſarily contract the boundaries of our obſervation. Nor did the Muſe, while I was thus fixed in admiration, diſdain to greet me. And, indeed, how could the Muſe but love a ſcene ſo glorious?

For here, while Phœbus ſheds the radiant beam,
Imperial Thames, with more majeſtic ſweep,
Wafts the fraught veſſel o'er a wider ſtream,
And pours a flood of glory to the deep.

See where, againſt the horizon's diſtant bound,
Itſelf a ſea, the wide-ſpread wave reclines,
While fading hues the mingled ſcene confound,
Nor wave from ſky the ſharpen'd ken defines;

Save that, ſlow-riſing o'er the liquid plain,
Yon veſſels ſwell imperfect on the ſight;
And, as they ſpeed the diſtant port to gain,
Like flying clouds obſtruct the miſty light.

Majeſtic ſight! But what if Danube's tide,
That rolls from realm to realm with long delay,
Here pour'd along, with more reſiſtleſs pride,
Thro' ſeven broad mouths to break his foaming way?

Or what if Thought, by Fancy plum'd, ſhould fly
To Oronoko's wide expanded ſhores?
Or Plata's ſtream, where not the keeneſt eye
From the mid-wave the diſtant bank explores?

How ſhrink, proud Thames, at this tremendous ſcene
The leſſer glories of thy boaſted ſway!
A nameleſs brook that cheers the village green,
Thy ſea-broad wave unnotic'd glides away.

But hold, my Muſe, nor ſeek the diſtant clime
While yet new wonders court thy gaze at home;
Nor, fondly panting for the rude ſublime,
Neglect the beauteous ſcenes thro' which we roam.

Here

Here from this hill that aids the raptur'd ſight,
Where woods, and vales, and cultur'd meadows lie,
Enough is ſeen to wake the fond delight,
And ſpread enchantment o'er the poet's eye.

This winding road, this graſſy margin gay,
That here advances, there again recedes,
Tufted with broom or goſs's ſober grey,
This neighbouring thicket, and yon diſtant meads.

Yes, let me here from this embowering ſhade,
Whence all theſe ſcenes come ruſhing on my view,
Tune my ſoft ſhell; and here, enthuſiaſt maid!
The playful themes of early youth renew.

Nor ſhalt thou, Thames! as ſlow thy gentle tide
Steals in ſoft ſilence to the boundleſs wave,
Refuſe the ſtrain of one who ſoon ſhall glide
By lapſe as ſilent to the whelming grave.

Yes—like thy waves that to the Ocean flow,
Loſt in that vortex to be mark'd no more,
Shall haſte the ſtream that wakes this ſentient glow,
Nor leave one trace on Life's deſerted ſhore.

What? not one trace! Shall not, alas! this name,
Which e'en in keen Misfortune's darkeſt hour
My jealous care preſerv'd from envious Shame,
Shall this not 'ſcape Oblivion's ruthleſs pow'r?

Ah! no. How vain to feed the fond deſire
E'en this lov'd relic from the wreck to ſave!
In cold neglect ſhall every hope expire,
And Memory's ſelf ſhall moulder in the grave.

The concluding ſtrain had, it is true, ſomewhat of deſpondency in it that ſuited but ill with the gaiety of the ſurrounding proſpect. But the waywardneſs of Nature will not always be regulated by the critical unities of time and place. Where the paſſions are vivid, and the fancy ſtrong, the feelings will, of courſe, be eccentric: and Melancholy may ſometimes be expected to dimn the countenance of Convivial Hilarity, or awaken the pangs of hopeleſs ambition amid the beauties of the vernal proſpect. But the emotions that ſo myſteriouſly ariſe, will as myſteriouſly fade again from the mind, and reſtore its wiſhed tranquility to the eccentric boſom. The gloom was quickly diſſipated by the cheerful converſation of Friendſhip, and the ſcenery that glowed around me. The fine impreſſions of rural elegance regained the dominion of my ſoul; and I began to feel, with additional force, all thoſe lively emotions which the vernal ſeaſon is ſo calculated to inſpire.

Gay

Gay and delightful, however, as theſe impreſſions were, I could not but reflect that, as the trees had not as yet attained their full luxuriancy of foliage, the advancing ſeaſon, thickening the woodland canopy (from the avenue of which we were now contemplating the landſcape), and variegating the almoſt univerſal verdure, muſt encreaſe (according to my taſte, at leaſt,) the pictureſque beauty of the ſcene; and that, perhaps, when Autumn had tipped the waving branches with a few embrowning ſhades, though much of the ſprightly tenderneſs, which the proſpect at preſent diffuſes, may be withdrawn, the lover of the ſublime ſcenery of Nature, and of the ſober contemplation it has a tendency to nouriſh, may find a charm in this rich variety of objects he could dwell upon with ſtill more permanent delight.

For my own part, at leaſt, I freely profeſs that, ſuſceptible as I am of the delightful ſenſations awakened by this ſeaſon of uni-

univerſal gaiety, I was always more attached to the pictureſque beauties of the maturer year; when the luxuriant foliage, in deeper and more variegated dies, collects the lights and ſhades in deeper maſſes, and fills the mind of the beholder not only with pleaſure but with awe. The hopeful blooms of ſpring, its floods of harmony, its teeming odours, and all the exhilarating circumſtances with which it is attended.—and, above all, its health-reviving gales, and (if I may uſe ſo ſtrong a metaphor) its reſuſcitating ſun beams, cannot, it is true, fail of their enchantments to an Engliſhman and a valetudinarian, who has gaſped through the fogs of a gloomy winter, and ſhivered in the northern blaſt; but the more majeſtic ardour of the ſummer, her exulting orchards, and fields of vegetable gold, diffuſes a calm and ſettled ſatisfaction, and fills both the eye and the mind with bolder and more magnificent objects; while the ſolemn melancholy of the autumnal ſcene impreſſes a kind of divine

vine melancholy, a ſublime and contemplative reverence ſo congenial with the ſettled habits of my ſoul, that I have never any difficulty in declaring my decided preference.

In ſhort, not to balance the affair too nicely, ſuch is the benevolence with which Nature has accommodated our ſenſes to the varied phenomena, that at different times ſurround them, that every ſeaſon, and every period, if we will but open our eyes and look upon them, preſents its appropriate pleaſures: and even in winter itſelf (to ſay nothing of its ſocial paſtimes), we may verify the obſervation of Addiſon, and find ſome clear and ſunſhiny days, in which the pleaſures of a rural walk, though inferior, it is true, to thoſe of the other ſeaſons, give tone and vivacity to the ſyſtem, and preſent a variety of objects not unworthy the attention of the contemplative philoſopher, and well calculated to give, by the recollection of ſtriking contraſts, and additional varieties, an increaſ-

ing

ing charm to the beauties of the more favoured ſeaſons, as they ſucceſſively revolve before us.

Yes, Nature! yes: to my enthuſiaſt eye,
When vernal brightneſs flushes every charm,
Thy vivid rays and breathing tints ſupply
The fond delights that youthful Fancy warm.
Thy budding ſweets, thy univerſal green,
(Save where the hawthorn bloſſoms to the view)
Thy carol'd ſtrains, and perfum'd gales ſerene,
Thy mid-day bluſh, and tears of mattin dew,
All, all enchant; and in my glowing breaſt
Rouſe from long ſlumber Joy's ecſtatic train,
While the gay ſpirits, now no more oppreſt,
Fly thro' each nerve and glow in every vein:
Nor leſs gay Summer, bounteous in her charms,
The grateful heart of Admiration warms.

But, ah! when Autumn, ſober-ſuited pow'r!
O'er the luxuriant herbage flings her veil,
With browner tints to tinge each artleſs bow'r,
When firſt the foliage flies before the gale;——
Then when each object drinks the deeper die,
And freſh varieties of ſombre hue
Sort with the ſolemn glories of the ſky,
With new delight thy alter'd charms I view;—
Charms that each vain fantaſtic joy reſtrain,
And lull each tumult of the wayward ſoul,
While Contemplation's heav'n-inſtructed vein
Awakes of Reaſon's pow'r the ſoft controul:

Ah!

Ah! then, how ſweet, how laſting, and ſerene
Thy Poet's joy to trace the rural ſcene!

Nor ſhalt thou, Nature, when each ſofter charm,
Each fertile grace, and every radiant glow,
And all the ſmiles that deck thy hallow'd form
Are ſhook by ſullen tempeſts from thy brow;
Nor ſhalt thou, then, while o'er the leafleſs glade
Scarce peers the diſtant ſun, and o'er the ground,
Check'ring the glaring ſnows, the long, long ſhade
Spreads cheerleſs, while the north-wind yells around;
Not, then, O Nature! ſhall thy frown forlorn
To unremitting gloom and ſullen care
Reſign thy votary. Oft the tardy morn
My ſong ſhall wake: and oft at noon to ſhare
Thy tranſient ſmile that gilds the mountain brow,
And o'er the trackleſs vales that glare below
Sheds its faint radiance, blithe will I repair
And ſnatch the ſhort-liv'd boon; and where the oak
His naked branches o'er the frozen brook
Snow-crown'd extends, and in the feeble ray
Glitters the pendant icicle; ah! there,
Gazing with curious rapture, let me ſtray,
Where, branching oft, full many an antic ſpray
Convolving writhes, as burniſh'd fold o'er fold
Writhes the envenom'd ſnake, and lifts in air
His curving neck acroſs the trav'ller's way.
Such, beauteous ſtill, and awful to behold,
The foreſt monarch ſtands; as o'er the ſtorm
(Of innate worth ſecure) the naked form
Of Patriot Virtue in the trying hour
Majeſtic towers, while Faction's raging power

Howls

Howls thro' the trembling deſolated clime!—
Unmov'd ſhe ſtands—deſerted, yet ſublime,
The people's ſecret love—the hope of future time!

Adieu then, charming ſcene of luxuriant beauty! if time and opportunity are not forbidden, I will viſit thee again, as the ripening year ſhall variegate thy numerous graces; and again, perhaps, ſtanding upon this commanding eminence, with this ſhady thicket to the right, this little houſe of entertainment to the left, and this canopy of young ſpreading elms, ruſtling in the breeze, above my head, I may contemplate the wide ſpread varieties of wave and wood, vales, meads, and villages, white ſails, and glittering ſpires that court the eye below.

WELLING.

WELLING.——PLEASURES OF MENTAL ACQUISITION.

AT this little village, which is ſituated about eleven miles from London, we determined to indulge ourſelves in a frugal meal, and recruit, by timely reſt, the ſtrength and activity neceſſary for our journey. The place had, it is true, nothing very particular to recommend it to our attention; but we carried about us, in our minds, thoſe ſources of independence which, unlike the treaſures of the purſe, can furniſh the banquet of plenty in the midſt of ſterility itſelf. In ſhort, locality was not very important to us in our preſent ſtate of mind (filled as our imaginations already were with the beautiful ſcenery we

had paſſed), and we were ſecure that, when the ſtock of preſent enjoyments was exhauſted, we ſhould find a plentiful reſource in the recollection of the paſt:—for ſuch is the difference between the pleaſures of the mind and thoſe of ſenſe, that the former, by indulgence, accumulate the means of future gratification, while the latter only ſquander and deſtroy.

While our meal was preparing, my friend Ambulator amuſed me, according to his cuſtom, with the antiquities of the neighbourhood; and particularly of the once famous abbey of Weſtwell or Leſnes, of which, at the diſtance of little better than two miles, there might ſtill be ſeen ſome ſmall remains. This hive for drones, this ſacred aſylum of pious abſurdity, it ſeems, was founded in the reign of Henry the Second (a man who deſerved a better fate than to be the head of a turbulent ariſtocracy, and the ſlave of an inſolent prieſthood) by Richard De Lacy, the Lord Chief Juſtice of England.

It

It was the faſhion of thoſe times (when every department of the ſtate was prieſt-ridden) for all emoluments and dominion to be engroſſed by thoſe who had formally forſworn them both; and the power of adminiſtering, or, in other words, of perverting, the laws, ſeemed particularly to be monopolized by prieſts. From the convent to the bench was a uſual ſtride; but the courſe of De Lacy was retrogade; for having firſt been Chief Juſtice, he afterwards became a monk; and was prior of his own Abbey. There, alſo, himſelf and his family are reported to have been buried; and in the ſeveral coffins adorned with portraitures that occupied the vault, diſcovered in the reign of James I. on the removal of part of the foundation, their remains are ſuppoſed to have been depoſited.

The period of the general abolition of our monaſteries is pretty generally known; and thouſands who reproach the French for ſeizing theſe ill applied revenues, and

appropriating them to the exigencies of the ſtate, can yet habitually indulge a ſarcaſtic joy at a ſimilar ſacrifice to the voluptuous avarice and ſelfiſh vices of our Henry the Eighth. But the fate of the abbey of Weſtwell was ſomewhat anticipated; being ſuppreſſed by Cardinal Wolſey, to aſſiſt him in the foundation of his new college of Chriſt Church, Oxford: an inſtitution, it is true, of more original utility; but not much inferior in its abuſe, ſince riot and diſſipation have baniſhed the Muſes from the banks of Iſis, and the ſlavery of political bigotry has uſurped the ſeats of Liberality and Learning.

THE LANDLADY.—SYMPTOMS OF LOQUACITY.

WITH ſuch converſations did we amuſe the time between the entrance of our ale and

and the garniſhing of a piece of cold beef, from which we were to make the ſolid part of our repaſt; and our landlady (a large fat woman, with a face like the full moon at her firſt riſing, or, as Milton has it, like the ſun ſeen through the horizontal miſty air, ſhorn of his beams,) took moſt excellent care that we ſhould not be prematurely interrupted; being, indeed, one of thoſe admirable houſewifes who, by dint of a great deal of buſtle, make ſhift to make a little buſineſs go a great way. Not, indeed, that ſhe made any delay in producing the foaming tankard. No, no, ſhe was certainly no mean politician in her way. She knew how to huſband what little vigilance ſhe had, and turn it to the beſt advantage; and as ſhe, peradventure, not unwiſely in three caſes out of four, concluded that the drinking of her gueſts was likely to be in exact proportion to the time the liquor was before them, and that the charge upon their eating muſt be regulated by an already determined ratio, ſhe knew what was the firſt article with which

we ought to be ſupplied, and was conſequently equally politic in her aſſiduity and her delay.

Unfortunately, however, for the credit of my landlady's judgment, we were of that order of beings to whom her calculations would not apply; nor had ſhe command enough over her features to conceal her mortification, when ſhe entered and found the tankard ſtill foaming over the brim.

But though the metal of her ſpirits might be a little damped by this circumſtance, the clapper was too well hung to be ſo eaſily ruſted; and while with the moſt obliging attention ſhe took care that our glaſſes ſhould not ſtand empty by our ſides, ſhe rang us one continued peal about herſelf, and her huſband, and her family, and her neighbours; and who had ſtopped at her houſe, and who had praiſed her ale; and much more of the ſame deſcription, with which the reader, if he has ever travelled, muſt ſo frequently have been peſ-

peſtered; and from which we would ſo readily have been excuſed.

But we muſt bear a little with the infirmities of thoſe whom the inſtitutions of ſociety have caſt beneath us. Ignorance muſt have its pleaſures as well as Refinement; and miſerable indeed muſt be the lot of thoſe who are incapable of thinking, if we deny them, alſo, the privilege to talk.

Nor was our patience, in this inſtance, without its reward: for among other of the *gentry folks* that had put up occaſionally at her little inn (or hedge alehouſe as any body elſe would have called it) I found there was one who had for ſome time paſt reſided there, and who, from the coincidence of time and other circumſtances, I concluded could be no other than Belmour; who, when he eluded my friendly anxiety, as beforementioned, had directed his courſe to this obſcure retreat, and there had ever ſince remained.

"To

"To be ſure, then, the poor gentleman," ſaid ſhe, "I believe he is a little crazied, as a body might ſay; for he walks about ſo molancholy, and he mutters ſo to himſelf; and then it was quite midnight when he comed. We were all gone to bed, and my huſband, who is a queer ſort of a man, you muſt know, and does'n't never like to be diſturbed, he wou'dn't have let him in. But ſo, ſays I, why yes, poor gentleman! we'd better let him in, ſays I; for you know, ſays I, we have got a ſpare bed, and it would be a pity to let the poor gentleman ramble about all night; beſides, who knows, ſays I, mayhap he may have no objection to ſatisfy us for our trouble: and I am always for taking the penny when it comes to the door, I aſſures you, gentlemen.

"Well, poor gentleman, to be ſure all isn't right. He's a little mirthſommiſh, to be ſure, to day, as a body might ſay, to what he was; for I never ſeed him ſmile in my born days before; but he rambles about

about ſo ſolantary, from breakfaſt to dinner, and from dinner to ſupper; and he never talks with none of the folks who comes here; and though he hears every thing a body ſays, he never makes a body no anſwer. And then he creeps o' nights to bed ſo rejectedly; and he lays himſelf down in his cloaths, and ſighs ſo, and moans, and every now and then he renounces the name of Sophia with ſuch a groan!"

THE WANDERER.—THE CALM OF DESPERATION.

TO what length this oration might have extended, it is impoſſible to ſay. But as the object of our converſation paſſed, at this moment, ſlowly before the window, and confirmed my ſuſpicion, I ſtarted from my

my chair, and ruſhing out, ſeized the unfortunate Belmour by the hand.

His reception of me was, indeed, more cordial than it had been on the former occaſion; and the *tout en ſemble* of his deportment was conſiderably altered: but I cannot ſay the impreſſion it made upon my imagination was the leſs painful on that account.

Thoſe who have attended, with the ſolicitude of affection, to the progreſs of mental anguiſh, or bodily infirmity, will know that there are ſome expreſſions of the afflicted countenance which, however vulgar obſervation may aſſimilate them to thoſe of pleaſure, are, in fact, the moſt diſtreſſing we can behold. Such was the convulſive ſmile that rather diſtorted than irradiated the features of Belmour; and the myſterious kind of cheerfulneſs he endeavoured to aſſume, rather revealed than diſſipated the ſettled gloom of his deſpair. In ſhort, the firſt idea that occupied my mind,

mind, on his appearance, was that of a man who had worked himſelf into the deſperate reſolution of ſuicide, and was endeavouring to conſole himſelf with the reflection that the tempeſt of his afflictions was ſhortly to ſubſide in the calm of annihilation. So ſtrongly, indeed, was I affected with this diſtreſſing image, that my heart almoſt ceaſed its vibrations; and I could not but conſider the tears that guſhed from my eyes as watering the grave of my friend.

"Pardon me," ſaid Belmour, preſſing my hand in ſuch a manner as aſſured me he had not loſt the wonted tenderneſs of his heart—"Pardon me, my friend! I have uſed you rather unkindly, and I rejoice in the accident that has given me an opportunity, ere I die, of apologizing for my ungrateful conduct. My mind was particularly deranged when I ſaw you laſt; but thank heaven the ſtruggle is paſt.—It is ſettled, and I am more at eaſe."

"For

"For heaven's ſake, my friend!" I exclaimed, with conſiderable emphaſis, "what do you mean?" But he evaded the import of my queſtion; and as I knew that reaſoning is impotent to a mind under impreſſions like his, I indulged the inclination he ſeemed to have for other converſation, in hopes that the diſpoſition which reſulted from his deſperate reſolution might be made uſe of as the means of diverting him from its execution.

I introduced him, accordingly, to my friend Ambulator, and perſuaded him to accompany us on our journey; an important point which I found it the leſs difficult to gain, becauſe there ſeemed to be ſomething he was deſirous to impart.

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END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.